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WITH DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
By L. ALMA-TADEMA. SIXPENCE.



Prince of Wales. Sir T. Lawrence (Hospital Treasurer).

The Lord Mayor.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH SINCE HE RECEIVED HIS TITLE: INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AS PRESIDENT OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, DECEMBER 3.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If any man's nerves are flurried by foreign opinion of us, let him study Captain Mahan's article in the *National Review* on "British Prestige." Captain Mahan enjoys this notable distinction among our foreign critics, that he is a competent and unprejudiced observer. He has no axe to grind, no historical animus to gratify. He examines our military operations in South Africa without bias, and is as candid with our defects as in recognising the tenacity of purpose and the just employment of resources which will ensure success. He gives a delicate hint to his own countrymen who forget that, in their own great war, they had some experience of unsatisfactory commanders and "regrettable incidents." They might take another hint. In dealing with Spain they had a very easy task. But had Spain proved a tougher customer, and prolonged the struggle, would America have escaped that Continental odium now heaped upon us? She is not less detested in Germany than we are; and if South Africa had remained at peace, the German Press would have devoted its imagination to American "atrocities" in the Philippines. Let Americans remember that Admiral Diedrichs was at Manila when Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish squadron, and that if the American forces had been withdrawn, the Philippines would now be German territory.

The average British officer, says Captain Mahan, is, and has ever been, lacking in scientific training. He "might possess more knowledge, more reading, more grasp of precedent and principle without injuring his adaptability." Few people at home are now blind to this. The British officer in this war has bought valuable experience very dearly. That is frankly admitted. The lesson is not new in our military history. But, adds Captain Mahan, "the British army, including Colonial contingents, is to-day, to the number of over two hundred thousand men, a vastly more useful instrument than it could have been two years ago." "In development of power, both local and general, I believe the war to have strengthened materially the British Empire, and I believe it has likewise given renewed and increased force to the spirit of union, of concentration upon great ideals, without which material strength runs to waste." In South Africa "the English tradition of law and liberty will henceforth prevail partly by force of conquest, partly because of its inherent fitness to survive." Captain Mahan, you perceive, rejects the assumption that our conquest of the Boers means the enslavement of a free people. He is familiar with British colonies, and it does not occur to him that they are enslaved. He knows that Lord North is dead, and not directing the Colonial Office. Some persons will tell Captain Mahan that we must be enslavers because martial law prevails in Cape Colony; but he smiles at the innocence which assumes that when a colony is the theatre both of invasion and rebellion it must have all the liberties that may be useful to our enemies, foreign and domestic.

"I do not believe that the international prestige of Great Britain has sunk in foreign Cabinets, however it may be reckoned in the streets and cafés of foreign cities." "It remains true, sad though the argument is, that the more completely the Boer exhausts himself now, the more convinced and the more final will his submission necessarily be." This will not please those streets and cafés which are beside themselves with rage because they see what the end must be as clearly as Captain Mahan. "The Imperial movement of the Colonies, in contributing to the war, is greatly contributive to sea-power. By strengthening the Imperial tie, it gives assurance of local support in many seas—the bases—which sea-power requires; while the military effort and the experience gained by the Colonial troops engaged render the defence and security of these local bases much more solid than ever before, because dependent upon men experienced in warfare." You may be sure that the foreign Cabinets are alive to all that. It may be shocking to people who can see nothing in it save an orgie of "militarism"; but to a dispassionate student like Captain Mahan, who believes in the "inherent fitness" of the "English tradition of law and liberty," it is simply an insurance that the confederation of States we call an Empire, for lack of a better word, shall not be disintegrated by folly within or aggression without.

It is a painful sight, of course, for those foreign critics who are not dispassionate. I find in *l'Illustration* an article by a French writer who professes to have studied British administration in India. He shows his intelligence and good faith by suggesting that we shall treat the Boers in the new colonies as we treat the Indian native princes. He has seen the diary of a discontented Rajah, who was not allowed to spend part of his revenue in beer, and was told that the money could be better employed for the benefit of his subjects. The French writer is indignant at this interference with the Rajah's "independence." He will be still more pained to learn that a brutal Viceroy has ordered certain native princes to stay at home and attend to their business, instead of wasting

their time and revenues in Europe. The Rajah with the passion for beer will not have the opportunity of embracing M. Paul Mimande in a Paris *brasserie*. Our tyranny must be loathsome to Frenchmen who remember that when the Malagasy Queen lingered in Paris, her allowance was reduced by the French Government.

Naturally, M. Mimande is unaware that all the Indian princes are not like the Rajah who craves for beer, that they were eager to serve the Crown in South Africa, that the Viceroy has devised a scheme for giving them military and civil employment. What M. Mimande wishes his readers to believe is that the Indian Government barbarously oppresses the native rulers, and abandons the people to the horrors of famine. Two pages of *l'Illustration* are occupied by photographs of the dead, with an editorial note to the effect that these are the bodies, not of our "enemies" in the concentration camps in South Africa, but of our "protégés" in India. The object is to persuade the French reader, who knows even less about India than he knows about South Africa, that the Hindus who die of famine, and the Boer refugees who die of disease, are alike the victims of our deliberate and implacable inhumanity. Now, I do the editor of *l'Illustration* the justice of believing that he is not so grossly ignorant as this would make him appear. He knows the truth perfectly well; but he does not hesitate to resort to a dishonest misrepresentation to gratify the Anglophobia of his subscribers.

I hold no brief for the British administration in India. It is not ideal; its finance is open to criticism. But to suggest that its policy is the cause of famine is stupid malice. Famine is caused chiefly by the failure of the crops in the dry seasons, and by the over-population. As the soil grows poorer the inhabitants multiply. If we withdrew from India, the Pax Britannica would be broken, and so many people would be killed in the racial and religious wars that the survivors might have enough to eat. As a remedy for famine this might commend itself to our French critics, whose humane interest in the Indian ryot would decline if India no longer belonged to us. I am not aware that French administration in the East has done wonders for the material well-being of the natives. Our rule in India, whatever its shortcomings, has a record which is naturally galling to colonial administrators whose failures contribute some of the least agreeable chapters to the modern history of France. The editor of *l'Illustration* should send his photographers to Russia, where famines are common. It might interest the French public to know that, like the Indian Government, the Czar is often perplexed by the difficulty of saving all the tillers of the soil from starvation.

I have sadly upset a good lady at Bristol. My statements about the concentration camps, she says sweetly, are "false altogether." They happen to be literally accurate, as she might discover by a reference to the Blue Book. The doctors declare that the mortality in the camps is chiefly due to the ignorance, obstinacy, and filthy habits of the Boer families. The Bristol lady knows better. "I know several charming Boer women whose lovely fine complexions and luxuriant golden hair one cannot associate with any idea that their owner is partial to 'dirt,' and I know Boer mothers whose large families of well-bred healthy children betoken some knowledge of 'maternal duty.'" Pleasing example of feminine Boeritis! Because this lady has seen Boers with lovely complexions and luxuriant golden hair, therefore the doctors have maligned the women in the camps, and I am a miserable traducer, unworthy to be read in the "parish reading-rooms," which the Bristol lady patronises. She had better send photographs of her charming acquaintances to the editor of *l'Illustration*, who will be delighted to publish them, together with the assertion that they are the sort of women libelled by the wicked British doctors.

Can you see pictures in a crystal ball? Mr. Lang has been investigating "crystal-gazing," and he has no doubt that many people can see things in the crystal that are quite invisible to others. It is not an exercise of the imagination, for the crystal-gazers are mostly deficient in that faculty. The Psychical Research Society will sell you a crystal ball (from half-a-crown to four shillings) and you may discover whether you possess the gift of seeing people in the ball, and what they are doing at a distance. A glass water-jug will do equally well, or even a spoonful of ink. You sit down alone with the ball in your lap, and stare at it for five minutes. If you are unsuccessful after several trials, you may take it that you are not a seer. But if your friends have better luck, you must not jeer. Let them make notes of their observations, and swear that they are not joking. Do not try this as a Christmas game, for at Christmas the temptation to hoax the company is very strong. The evidence collected by Mr. Lang is sufficiently cogent to make further inquiry a serious occupation, though any gentleman whose wife is a crystal-gazer may demur to her visions of his proceedings when he avers that he was at the club.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," REVIVED AT THE CENTURY.

Evidently "The Belle of New York" still retains abundant vitality, despite the very lengthy run of three years ago. Reproduced last week at the Century Theatre, and presented by a cast almost entirely fresh, this most entertaining of American musical comedies was greeted with positive first-night enthusiasm. The audience, indeed, seemed scarcely to notice how hackneyed now is Mr. Kerker's sprightly music, how banal is Mr. Hugh Morton's whole story of the young rake and his Salvationist sweetheart; they revelled in the play's constant whirl of bright colour, gay melody, rollicking fun, and delicious dancing; they responded gladly to the unflagging spirits of the interpreters, new and old. Their warmest welcome was accorded to Mr. Sullivan, who resumes his amusing impersonation of the famous polite lunatic, and is the one member, save Miss Ellen Dupont, retained from the original Shaftesbury Company. Of the new-comers, Miss Elsie Fay, a soubrette with real but undisciplined comic powers; Mr. Albert Whelan, a worthy successor of Dan Daly or Harry Davenport; and Mr. Harry Taft, as nimble a dancer, but not half so pleasant a whistler, as Frank Lawton, won and deserved most applause. Miss Madge Lessing, to be sure, replaces, quite satisfactorily, the popular Edna May, and sings and acts as the Salvationist heroine with true refinement and intelligence.

THE GERMAN PLAYS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The two performances of Max Halbe's "Haus Rosenhagen," given by the German Company, were sufficient, as the play is not in any way striking. The plot deals with a dispute concerning a piece of meadowland over which there has been an old-standing feud between the big landowner Rosenhagen and Thomas Voss, the one man in the village who has refused to part with his property. Old Rosenhagen, before his death, urges his son to carry on the quarrel, and extracts a promise that he will live and die on the estate, a promise the son finds very difficult to keep. Fate has ordained that the woman with whom he falls in love should insist upon his sharing with her the gaieties of the great world, of which she is inordinately fond, and he is thus torn two ways. There is, of course, another girl in the case, who from jealousy makes such mischief that indirectly the murder of the last of the Rosenhagens lies at her door. It was pleasant to see Worlitzsch again in a part more worthy of him, and as Inspector Rathke he was excellent. Lilli Schwendemann-Pansa played well the fascinating Hermine, and Emilie Stark made the most of the thankless rôle of the lovelorn Martha. Max Eissfeldt was very successful in his rendering of the youthful, impetuous Karl, and Alfred Schmieden gave an admirable interpretation of the immovable Voss.

AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S.

(See Supplement.)

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, a Dutchman by birth sixty-five years ago, an Englishman by adoption to-day, belongs by his art to a third nation, Rome, and to a far distant century. Priced in the long series of canvases of this class by "A Roman Dance" and "Tarquinius Superbus," and "A Roman Empire" and "On the Steps of the Capitol," the "Audience at Agrippa's" made its appearance in the London art season of 1876—the year of his election to the Royal Academy as Associate. Two years later, it represented the artist in Paris, where were re-echoed the praises which in this country had greeted those amazingly painted marbles and the triumphantly foreshortened tiger-skin, outstretched over blue mosaics. Nor is any disparagement of this artist's work implied by the immediate mention of accessories, since to the treatment of these he brings all his classic learning and all his artistic skill. A year earlier Mr. Ruskin had rallied Sir Lawrence as one who succeeded with his objects "in the degree of their unimportance." To that challenge this picture may be taken as in some sort a retort. Not that the accessories were neglected, but only that figures were presented in greater numbers, and with greater care. We see the entrance of a Roman palace, and the stairs, leading from an atrium, down which descends Agrippa, clad in imperial red, fullest toga and gown, too severe of countenance to note the scribes who rise to bend closely cropped greyish heads over the table containing writing materials and a silver Mars. A crowd of friends and courtiers follow on the heels of Agrippa as he passes the great statue of the Emperor Octavius, for whom he had fought at Philippi, and whose deputy and son-in-law he now is. Further back, behind these figures, is the open air and the vibrating sunlight reflected on the white walls of Agrippa's famous Pantheon, with its roof of green copper. Agrippa is supposed to be on his way from the audience to the Forum; but he has not done with petitioners, for at the base of the statue stand an old Senator with his son, who holds a scroll—doubtless an application for a post—and his daughter, who has doubtless done her hair in the ingratiating fashion set by Julia.

THE ORON EXPEDITION.

The incident which was the cause of a punitive expedition against the Orons seems to have been inspired by the Aros, who have for centuries held absolute sway from the Niger Delta almost up to the Benué River. The friction began with the refusal of the Orons to allow Mr. James, Travelling Commissioner of the Protectorate, and his escort of Lieutenant Beverley and fifteen men, to remain in their country. Mr. James and his party had arrived at Affah Arkai on their way from Eket to Idna, and had halted for the night, when numbers of armed natives surrounded them, and ordered them to leave at once under pain of death. Mr. James, hampered by baggage and with only his small force, decided to retire, and made his way through swamps to his destination.

A column was at once sent to levy fines from the native chiefs, with orders to live on the country until they were paid. The Orons opposed the advance on Sept. 6, sniping along the whole length of the column and then retiring on Ornaquan. Driven from there, the enemy next defended N'Kanjon, with little success. On the following day the Orons made a determined attack, but were driven back. Three villages on the Eket road were seized on the 8th, and Captain Venour, in charge of the column, made Affah Arkai his headquarters, and during the next few days despatched a number of small columns into the disaffected parts, punished the chiefs who refused to lay down their arms, and strengthened the friendship between the Government and those chiefs who willingly came to the palavers and proved that they had taken no part in the rising. Captain Venour then returned to Oyarun, crossed the Oyarun Creek, drove the enemy from Ikono, destroyed the villages, and two days after the start from Affah Arkai marched back to Old Calabar, having taught the Orons a very salutary lesson.

WILLIAM II. AND THE BERLIN GARRISON.

The Kaiser again showed the keen interest he feels in all military matters when, accompanied by the Archduke Ferdinand Charles of Austria, he attended the swearing-in of the recruits of the Berlin Garrison in the Castle Gardens on Nov. 23. The Kaiser, who always improves the occasion, addressed the men after the oath of fidelity had been administered, and explained that they were now placed in a new relation to himself, inasmuch as it was their duty to defend him, if needs were, against insubordination from whatever quarter it might come. An altar of drums was used for the ceremony.

The hotel of the Great Eastern Railway Company at the Liverpool Street terminus has undergone important extension and alteration. There is now accommodation for about four hundred guests, and the building occupies a larger area than any other hotel in town save one. The decorations, which are admirable, have been carried out by Messrs. Maple and Co. The new arrangements were seen to full advantage on the evening of Nov. 30, when the company entertained a large number of guests.

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Every Evening at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 3. Susan's Band at every performance. All New Songs. New Plantation Act, "The Hoodoo Man."

SPECIAL PLANTATION DAY, THURSDAY, DEC. 12, at 3 and 8.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC.

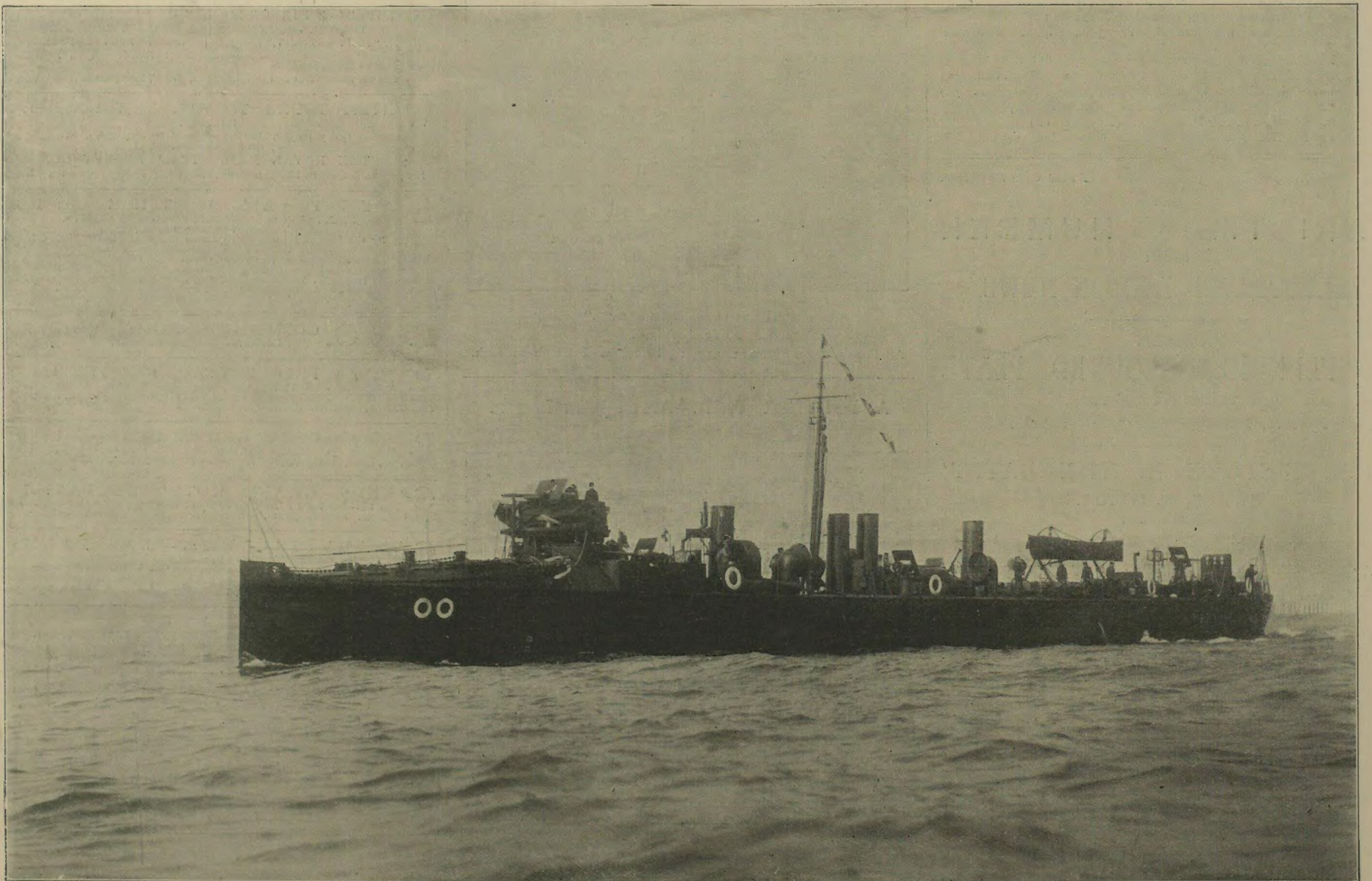
In Sir William MacCormac, Baronet, who died at Bath on the morning of Dec. 4, the medical science of Great Britain in particular, and of the world in general, loses one of its most brilliant ornaments. A native of Belfast, William MacCormac was the eldest son of Henry MacCormac, M.D., and Mary Newsam. He was educated at Belfast, Dublin, and Paris, and took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and Master in Surgery; the honorary degree of Doctor of Science was afterwards conferred on him by Queen's University, Ireland. Of that University he became in time the Principal of Senate, and acted as Examiner in Surgery. Among his earlier appointments were those of Surgeon and subsequently Consulting Surgeon to the Belfast Royal Hospital. At the outbreak of the Franco-German War in 1870, MacCormac acted as Surgeon-in-Chief of the Anglo-American Ambulance, and gained a great deal of practical experience before Metz and Sedan. He had further experience in the Turco-Servian War of 1876. His fame as a surgeon grew rapidly, and for twenty years he was lecturer on his special subject at St. Thomas's Hospital. He was Consulting Surgeon and Emeritus Lecturer on Clinical Surgery to the same institution, and Consulting Surgeon to the French, Italian, and Queen Charlotte's Hospitals. That he should be Fellow of the English and Irish Colleges of Surgeons was inevitable, and he acted as examiner in



SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, BART., FIVE TIMES PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

BORN AT BELFAST, JANUARY 17, 1836; DIED AT BATH, DECEMBER 4, 1901.

surgery to the University of London and also in a similar capacity for the Army and Indian service. He was knighted in 1881 in recognition of his work as Honorary Secretary-General of the International Medical Congress in London. During her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 he was created a Baronet, and received the appointment of Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, on whom he was in attendance during the late summer and autumn of 1898, when the Prince met with a severe accident. In July of the same year Sir William was for the third time elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons (an office he held in all five times), and late in 1898 he was created a Knight of the Royal Victorian Order. That year was rich in honours; for it brought him also membership of the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine. Foreign Orders crowded thick upon him, and included the decorations of an officer of the Legion of Honour, of the Dannebrog, the Crown of Italy, the Takovo, the Crown of Prussia, the North Star of Sweden, the St. Iago of Portugal, the Ritterkreuz of Bavaria, the Merit of Spain, and the Medjedieh. In 1899, he delivered the Hunterian Oration at the Royal College of Surgeons in the presence of the Prince of Wales, now the King. Early in the year 1900, he volunteered for the South African service, and added yet further to his reputation by his work in the field. For a year he held the post of Consulting (Civil) Surgeon to the Forces in South Africa. For some time past Sir William's health had been the cause of great anxiety.

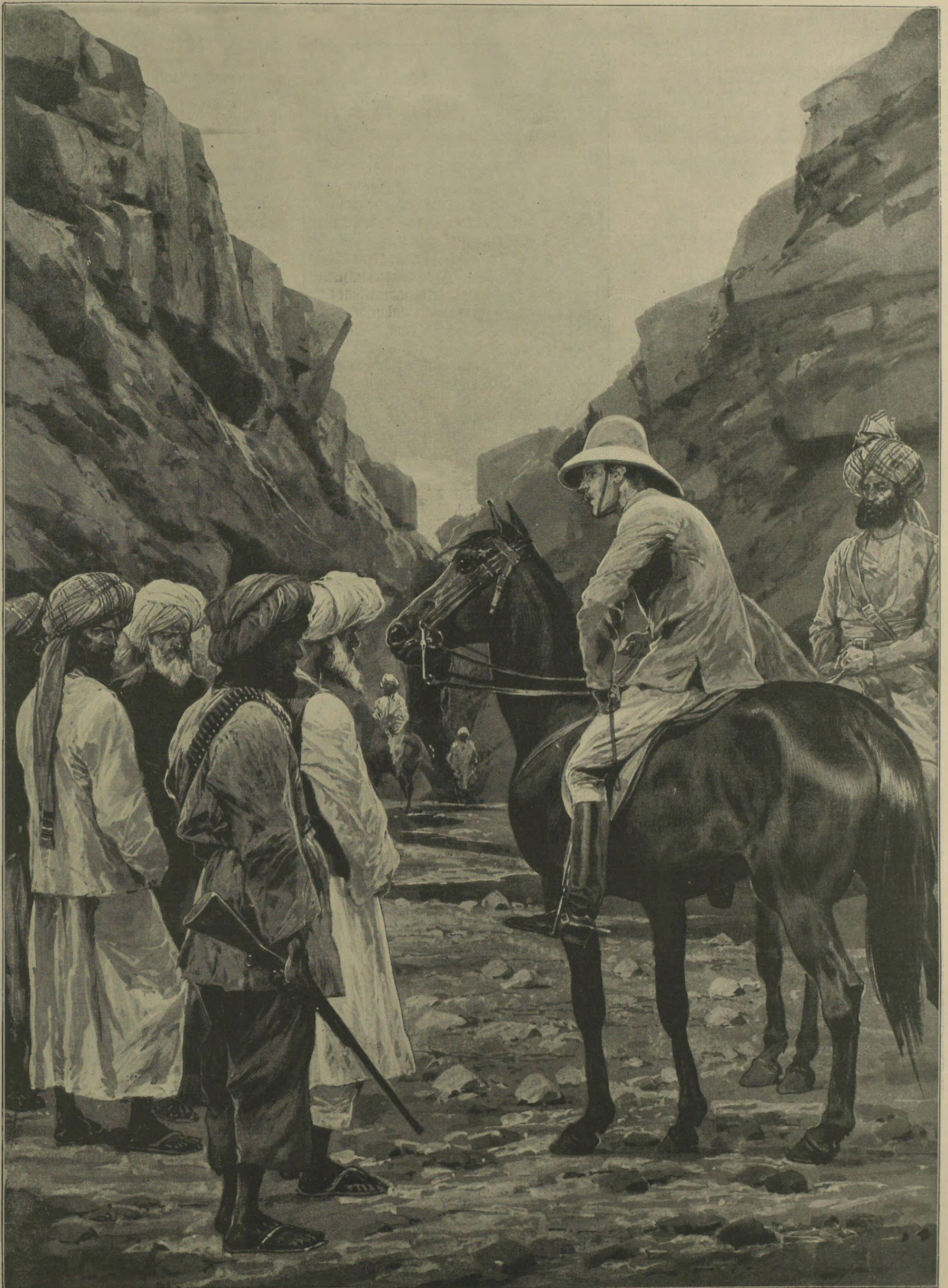


THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SALMON," DAMAGED IN COLLISION OFF HARWICH ON DECEMBER 2.

Photo. Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE PUNITIVE OPERATIONS IN WAZIRISTAN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE COMMISSIONER OF THE DERAJAT CONFERRING WITH WAZIRISTAN CHIEFS IN THE SHAHUR DEFILE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

The Prince of Wales visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Dec. 3, and was present at a Court at which he received his charge as a Governor, and as President of the Hospital. The Prince, who was attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, had an enthusiastic reception by the students and nurses in the quadrangle, and was received with fitting ceremony by Sir Trevor Lawrence, the treasurer, the four almoners, Messrs. J. R. Cooper, F. P. Allison, George Baker, and Robert Grey, and the clerk. The ceremony of installation was held in the Great Hall. After the "charge" had been read, and a copy of it, together with a Governor's staff, had been given to the Prince, his Royal Highness took the President's chair and made a brief speech. Subsequently he inspected a marble bust of Queen Victoria, by Mr. Onslow Ford, who was presented to his Royal Highness.

FROGMORE.

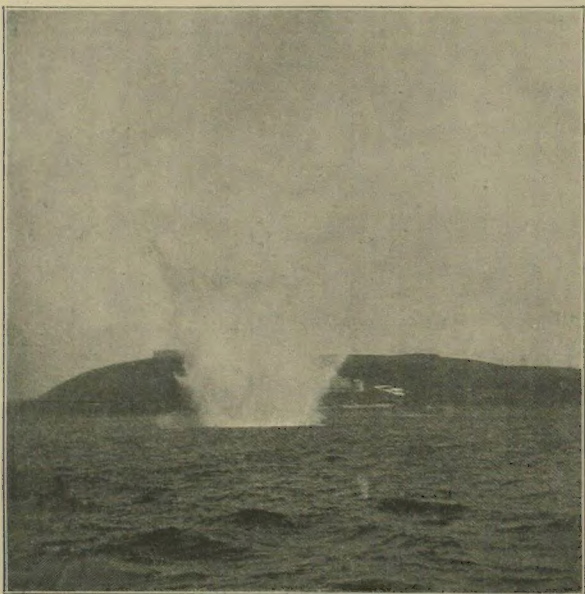
Frogmore, which has again been brought into prominence by the King's residence there, is within the royal demesne of Windsor, and is situated half a mile east of the town and near the road to Runnymede. Built by Wyatt, the mansion was the home of Queen Charlotte, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, the King (when he was Prince of Wales), and Prince Christian. The late Duke of Clarence was born there. In the grounds is the mausoleum in which lie the remains of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria.

DISTURBANCE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

A dispute between Franciscan monks and monks of the Orthodox Greek Church led on Nov. 4 to a violent outbreak at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The original cause of the disturbance was a difference of opinion regarding the rights of sweeping certain parts of the Holy Place, which rights have come virtually to constitute a sort of possession. Hitherto the monks of the Roman Church have had the privilege of sweeping two or three of the flagstones of the parvise, besides the staircase of a dozen steps belonging to the Franks' Chapel. To this privilege the Greeks laid claim. The dispute was referred to the Pasha, who decided in favour of the Franciscans, and accordingly the Greeks got together a disorderly crowd, and about midday on Nov. 4 they attacked the staircase, which was held by about twenty monks in the grey habit of the Franciscans. After an unseemly exchange of abuse and threatenings, a huge stone was hurled into the midst of the Roman monks, and immediately the combat became furious. It raged for some twenty minutes, and then the military arrived, separated the parties, and occupied the place. By this time sixteen Franciscans had been seriously wounded, among them the Vicar Custodial.

THE BULLER DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

The "working men" of London were given an excellent opportunity of indulging in the joys of demonstrating on Sunday last—the day fixed for the public passing of a resolution of sympathy with General Buller—and they did not fail

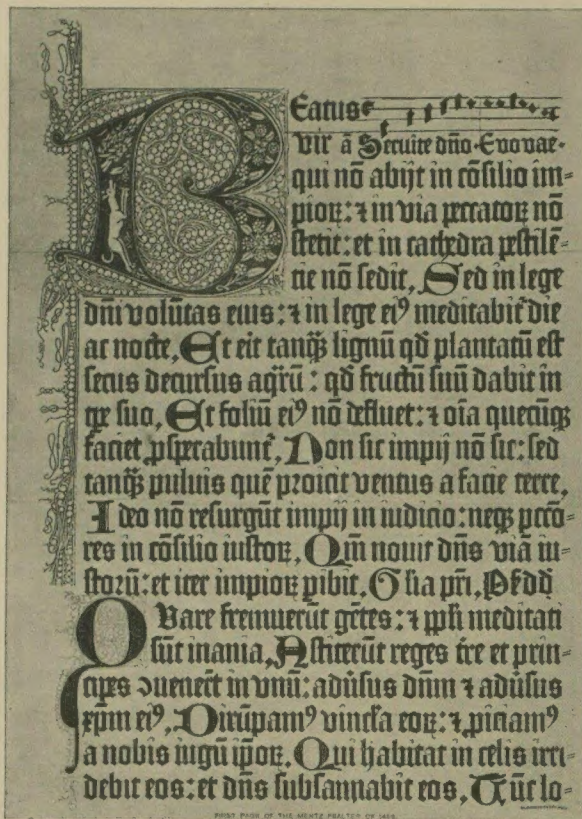


EXPLOSION OF 120 LB. OF GUNCOTTON IN DEEP WATER.

to take full advantage of it. Invited to "assemble in their thousands," and lured by the tempting announcement that brass bands would attend, a large crowd gathered on the Embankment early in the afternoon, and marched via Pall Mall, where a halt was made that "boos" might be given outside the War Office, to Hyde Park, headed by mounted police, and a man bearing a gilded bust of the General on a crimson pole. The various speakers, who were mounted on carts, had been asked to confine their remarks to the resolution to be adopted, but in the ardour of the moment the request was forgotten and the Government severely dealt with. The speeches having been delivered, the resolution "That this meeting is of opinion that the speech of General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., was not the cause of, but the excuse for, his dismissal; that his refusal to alter his Spion Kop despatches greatly redounds to his credit; and we respectfully tender to him our deep sympathy and an assurance of our unbounded confidence," was carried with enthusiasm, and about half-past four the assembly dispersed.

THE "CODEX PSALTERUM."

The "Codex Psalterum," printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459, recently purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan from Mr. Quaritch for £5250, is one of the twelve copies bearing that date known to be in existence; an imperfect copy is at the British Museum, and another in the Royal Library



THE SALE FOR £5250 OF THE "CODEX PSALTERUM"
BY MR. QUARITCH: A PAGE OF THE BOOK.
PRINTED BY FUST AND SCHOEFFER IN 1459.

at Windsor. The volume is printed in Gothic type of two sizes on vellum, and contains 136 leaves. The initial letters and the lines between each psalm and canticle are printed in red and blue. Of the edition dated 1457 but nine specimens are known, and it is believed that only fourteen or fifteen copies of each edition were originally issued.

RECENT TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

From H.M.S. *Defiance*, the torpedo school-ship at Devonport, some experiments in the firing of heavy charges under water have just been conducted. One of our Illustrations shows the effect produced by firing 120 pounds of guncotton at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface. The upheaval of mud and spray is held to have been due to the shallowness of the water in St. German's River, where the experiment took place, for the firing of a similar charge in deep water produced the result shown in our other Illustration. In the former case, the charge was fired from the right-hand torpedo-boat, as shown in the picture.

A PLAYHOUSE IN SECTION.

The interior economy of the new Prince Regent Theatre at Munich is explained in our present issue by a very ingenious sectional drawing. This method of illustrating the new playhouse is, however, justified from the fact that it is the interior rather than the elevation which is the worthier of consideration. The exterior, in fact, does not command attention, but, once within, the visitor is impressed with the dignity and splendour of the arrangements. The auditorium, which is in the form of a fan, is similar to that at Bayreuth, with the exception of the decoration. On niches above the doors at each side of the stage are eight statues. On the right, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, and Shakspeare, and on the left Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner; but it is on the other side of the curtain that the real interest of the house is centred. The stage, which measures 87 ft. in width by 69 ft. in depth, with a further scene of 51 ft. by 54 ft. at the back, is divided into six sections, and all these are capable of being raised or lowered by machinery. The "grid" presents a wonderfully intricate system of pulleys for raising and lowering the scenery. For precaution against fire, two iron curtains separate the stage from the auditorium. Herr Siegfried Wagner has now become reconciled with the authorities of the Court Theatre at Munich, and an agreement has been concluded whereby there will be no performances at Bayreuth after next year until 1905. During 1903 and 1904, the "Ring" will be given in its entirety at the new Prince Regent Theatre at Munich.

FRENCH CONVENTS FOR SALE.

Signs of the operation of the French Religious Associations Act are manifesting themselves throughout France. Within the last few days in the Avenue de Messine in Paris a board has appeared on the top of the wall of the Carmelite Convent with the announcement, "Property

for Sale." Then follows a statement of the superficial area of the ground, and the information that applications may be addressed on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to a certain notary in the Rue de Berlin. A similar announcement, with the exception that in this case the property is to let and not for sale, appears at Fontainebleau upon the Carmelite Chapel in the Avenue Gambetta. All these convents were the property of religious societies that would not submit to the exactions of the new law.

THE REBELLION IN COLOMBIA.

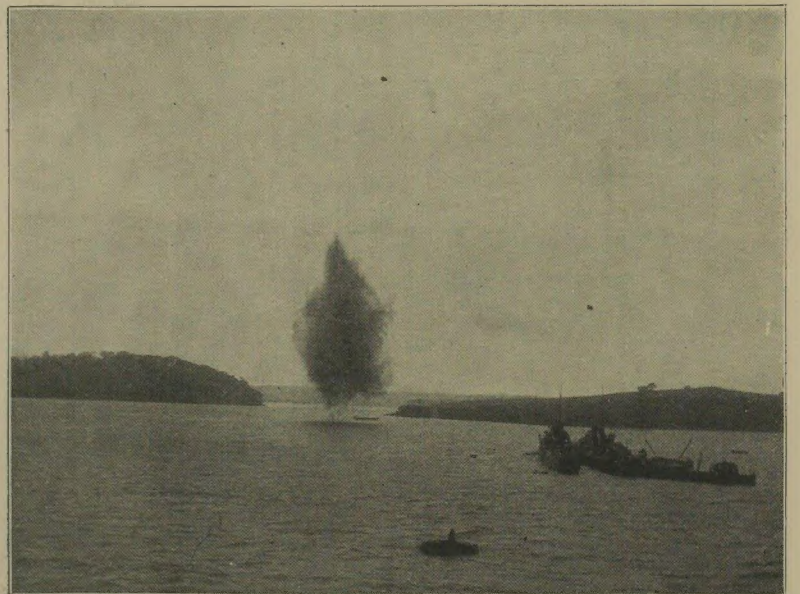
The Colombian Liberals who are in revolt against the Government have been completely defeated at Culebra and Emperador. Transit across the Isthmus of Panama has been taken charge of by the United States authorities, and American bluejackets have gone inland, and occupy a point half-way across the Isthmus. Colon, which the Liberals captured from the Government at the beginning of the affair, has had to be surrendered by the insurgent troops; but it is stated by Captain Foliaco, commander of the Colombian gun-boat *General Pinzon*, that the surrender was purely farcical: the Liberals, following tactics not unfamiliar in South Africa, secreted their best weapons and gave up only worthless arms. The leader of the rebels, General Barrera, has been wounded, and has been sent to Colon for medical treatment.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.

The Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society opened its fifty-third annual fat-stock show in Bingley Hall on Nov. 30. The entries in the cattle division betrayed a slight decrease on last year, but the quality of the beasts exhibited was excellent. The classes devoted to sheep and pigs were well filled. A large exhibit of agricultural roots and seeds also attracted considerable attention. The King contributed to the Hereford, Shorthorn, Devon, and Aberdeen-Angus classes, and took a first, a second, and a reserve for breed cup for the first-named; two firsts, a second and breed cup, and reserve for cup for Shorthorns, a first and breed cup for Devons, and a reserve for the championship; and a second for Aberdeen-Angus.

ANOTHER DESTROYER DAMAGED.

Yet another accident to the unfortunate fleet of torpedo-destroyers occurred about a quarter past eleven on the night of Dec. 2. When the torpedo-boat destroyer *Salmon* was about half a mile out from Harwich she was run into by the Great Eastern Company's mail-steamer *Cambridge*. The port side was stove in, the deck ripped, and the destroyer filled rapidly. A sailor on the *Cambridge* immediately threw a rope to the destroyer's crew, who managed to clamber on board the steamer. Lieutenant Harry West, who was in command, then held a roll-call, and found that four men were missing. After a search, two men, Schofield and Church, were discovered severely scalded, and two stokers named Bartlett and Amering were found drowned in the foremost stokehole. The *Cambridge* returned to Parkeston and then resumed her journey. The *Salmon* went aground near the South Shelf Buoy, and was afterwards towed into harbour. The *Salmon* was built in 1895; she is 200 ft. in length by 19½ ft. beam,



EXPLOSION OF 120 LB. OF GUNCOTTON IN 15 FT. OF WATER.

and draws 7 ft. of water. It will be remembered that this is not the first occasion on which the vessel has been in collision, her former mishap having occurred in October last, when she ran into the *Angler* off Margate. The injured men, who were completely dazed by the force of the impact, speak in the highest terms of the heroism of the man who rescued them through the manhole door of the stokehole.

OPERATIONS IN WAZIRISTAN.

Punitive operations are going on in Waziristan on account of the recent outrages committed by the Mahsuds. Four columns under General Denning have entered the Mahsud country, and have destroyed many towers, villages, and granaries. The force was divided as follows: the Dattakhel under Colonel Tonnochy, the Jandola under Colonel McRae, the Sarwakai column under Colonel McLeod, and the Wano column under Colonel Bunbury. A brigade has been ordered to Tonk to support the blockade force.

PERSONAL.

It is said that Thursday, June 26, is the date fixed for the Coronation.

President Roosevelt's first Message to Congress indicates another stage in the American policy of checking immigration. Mr. Roosevelt says that no more Anarchists must be imported, and that repressive measures must be taken against those who are already settled in the United States.

The continued resistance of the Filipinos to American authority is described in Mr. Roosevelt's Message as an "insurrection." Evidently the President is not disturbed by the argument in favour of belligerent rights for a people who have never acknowledged American sovereignty.

The name of ex-Governor Edward John Eyre, whose death took place on Nov. 30, has passed into history, but hardly into his-

tory so ancient as some of the writers of obituary notices seem to imply. Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Eyre wrote from his retirement in Devon to express a hope that public opinion in this country, which has changed its direction in other matters, would veer also in the matter of his procedure in suppressing rebellion in Jamaica. The hanging of the Christian negro named Gordon, which the

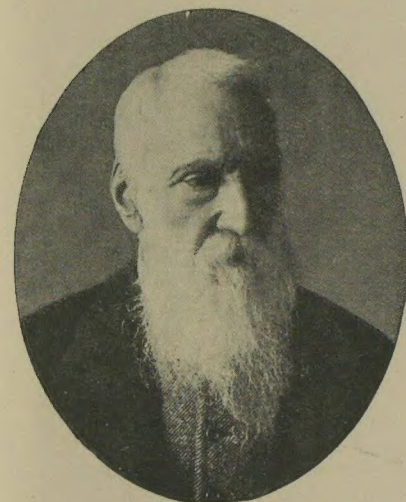


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. E. J. EYRE,
Ex-Governor of Jamaica.

Governor decided upon—now nearly forty years ago—as a matter of public expediency, was adjudged to be unnecessary, and his governorship was terminated. He was burned in effigy in Clerkenwell and denounced by John Stuart Mill; but Thomas Carlyle, who supported the Eyre Defence Fund, described him as "a just, humane, and valiant man, faithful to his trusts everywhere." Mr. Eyre, who was born in 1815, and who before he went to Jamaica, had held several Colonial administrative appointments, was also one of the early explorers of Central Australia.

Wu-Ting-Fang, the ingenious Chinese diplomatist at Washington protests against the exclusion of Chinese immigrants from the United States. He says it is contrary to the American Constitution. He does not see that the principle of liberty has its limitations in practice.

The Czar is reported to have advised the withdrawal of the excommunication pronounced by the Holy Synod against Count Tolstoy. The reason assigned is that, in the event of Tolstoy's death, a refusal to bury him in consecrated ground might cause a popular rising.

Major A. J. Chapman, who is now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, achieved fame last September as officer in command of the little garrison of two hundred men who successfully defended Fort Itala, Zululand, against a superior force of the enemy. An outpost on Itala Mountain had been carried by the Boers, when Lieutenant Lefroy died at the head of his little company of eighty men, and with the cry of "No surrender!" on his lips. Major Chapman's defence of the fort itself lasted for nearly twenty hours, and



Photo. Lambert Weston.
MAJOR (BT. LIEUT.-COLONEL) A. J. CHAPMAN,
Commanded the Garrison of Fort Itala.

obtained for him a public telegram of congratulation from Lord Kitchener. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman became Major in South Africa in the August of last year.

General Buller made a very dignified speech at the Devonian dinner on Nov. 30. At the so-called demonstration in Hyde Park the following day to testify popular sympathy with General Buller, the speakers included nobody of any consequence, and the whole affair was a silly attempt to use General Buller's name for attacking the policy of the war. This was all the more ridiculous in view of his emphatic declaration a few hours earlier that the war must be prosecuted to a complete and final victory.

Canon Scott Holland protests against the employment of John Bull as a symbol of British character and ideals. He says Mr. Bull is quite out of touch with modern notions, and ought to be abolished. It might be difficult to show that Uncle Sam, the American symbolic figure, is abreast of American ideas. But it is not likely that either Uncle Sam or John Bull will be superseded.

The Duke of Teck, K.C.V.O., whose recovery from the effects of his accident in the hunting-field seems to be now happily assured, was born in Kensington Palace in 1868. The already ancient title of Duke of Teck was inherited by the House of Württemberg in the fourteenth century, and was conferred in 1870 on the late Duke by his first cousin, the King of Württemberg. That was four years after the late Duke's marriage with Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge. The present Duke, the eldest son of that union, was christened by the names of Adolphus Charles Alexander Albert Edward George Philip Louis Ladislaus; he was educated at Wellington and at Sandhurst, joined the 17th Lancers in 1888, was promoted Captain of 1st Life Guards in 1895, and served in South Africa during the earlier portion of the war. The Duchess of Teck is a sister of the Duke of Westminster.

The Right Rev. Robert Brindle, D.S.O., described by a famous war-correspondent as "best-beloved of Army



Photo. Gunn and Stuart.
H.S.H. THE DUKE OF TECK,
Injured in the Hunting-Field, November 29.



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
THE RIGHT REV. R. BRINDLE, D.S.O.,
APPOINTED TO THE SEE OF NOTTINGHAM.

chaplains," has been appointed by the Pope to the see of Nottingham, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Bagshawe. The decoration of the Distinguished Service Order was conferred on Bishop Brindle for services in Egypt and the Soudan, including the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. When Cardinal Vaughan required an additional assistant at Westminster, he selected Dr. Brindle, who was given the titular see of Hermopolis. A strict disciplinarian, as becomes a military chaplain, Bishop Brindle is said to be sent to the Nottingham diocese not because his name was presented by the Chapter or by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, but as the direct choice of the Pope, and with a view to local requirements.

Baron Bateman, who died on Nov. 30 in his seventy-sixth year, was the son of the first Baron Bateman, his mother being the daughter of Lord Spencer Chichester. The late peer, who succeeded to the title in 1845, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts. In 1854 he married Agnes, daughter of General Sir E. Kerrison. Among his official appointments were the Lord Lieutenancy of Hereford, the Colonelcy of the 4th Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry, and a Justiceship of the Peace for Northamptonshire. For one year—from 1858 to 1859—he acted as Lord-in-Waiting to

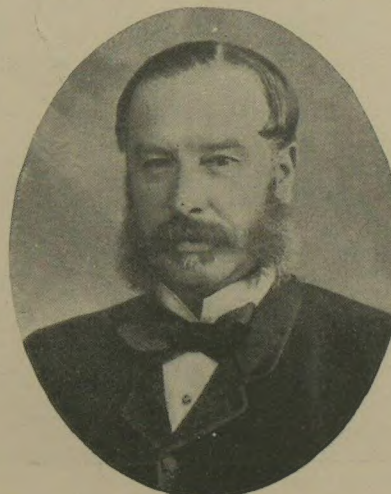


Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE BARON BATEMAN,
Lord Lieutenant of Hereford.

Queen Victoria. The successor to the title is the Hon. W. Spencer Bateman Hanbury Kincaid-Lennox, formerly a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards. The new peer served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was awarded the medal with clasp.

"Linesman," the author of the brilliant war-sketches reprinted from *Blackwood's*, is said to be Captain M. H. Grant, of the 1st Devon Regiment. Captain Grant is Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the Field Intelligence Department in South Africa.

Visitors to Cape Colony must now obtain official "permits," and show that they have sufficient means of subsistence. Moreover, permission to land does not guarantee permission to proceed into the interior. These measures are prompted by the necessity of stopping the flow of Boer recruits from Europe.

Dr. William Smyth, as medical officer to the Burtonport dispensary district in Donegal, found himself face to face with an epidemic of typhus fever on the Island of Avonmore. Alone each day he rowed across the Sound to this outlying portion of his district, and paid his visits to cottages, some of them so dark that he had to light a candle to see his way to his patients, lying and dying sometimes three or four together in one bed. At once doctor and nurse to the stricken people, he decided that their best chance of recovery in many cases lay in a removal to the mainland, and, with the help of Dr. Brendon McCarthy, the translation was made, and with results which justified expectations, and compensated for the toil involved. But Dr. Smyth himself, who had saved so many, became a victim to the fever, which in his case proved fatal. He leaves behind him a wife and eight children, for whom a fund is now to be raised under the auspices of the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons in Dublin.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, writing to the *Times*, explains that when he said at Galway that he agreed to everything in his opponent's election address, it was because that document studiously avoided all the issues between Unionism and Home Rule.

As some people have forgotten the depredations of the Boers when they invaded Natal, Dr. Maxwell's evidence in the *Contemporary Review* should be a useful reminder. Dr. Maxwell was in charge of a Boer ambulance during the first four months of the war. "The farms," he writes in his diary, "have all been looted and smashed up, and God help Natal if our commandoes get further in!"

Said Pasha, the new Turkish Grand Vizier, is generally held to belong to the party of the Porte rather than of the Palace. In English politics the existence of a Court party is now well-nigh forgotten; but when the King was with one Minister, and perhaps the Heir-Apparent with another, the surprises of the game were often startling. Some experienced people say that the appointment of Said Pasha as a check on Palace influence will prove a disappointment, and that the Sultan, who took nine days to wonder about his choice, has not so much elevated the man by the office as cheapened the office by the man. Time will show. The new Grand Vizier was First Secretary of the Palace twenty years ago, and when, later, he was Prime Minister, he showed towards England—and English financiers with lending powers—a friendship which is like to mark his tenure of more exalted office.

The *Gazette* announced on Dec. 3 a number of appointments to the Princess of Wales's household. The Countess of Airlie, a Lady of the Bedchamber, is the eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran, and married the Earl of Airlie in 1886. The Countess of Bradford, who now holds a similar position, is the second daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, and was married in 1869. She is a sister of the present Marchioness of Zetland.

Lady Mary Lygon and Lady Eva Dugdale are appointed Women of the Bedchamber to the Princess, and Lady Catherine Coke, Extra Woman of the Bedchamber. The Earl of Shaftesbury is Chamberlain; the Hon. Alexander N. Hood, Private Secretary, and Mr. Frank Dugdale, Equerry-in-Waiting.

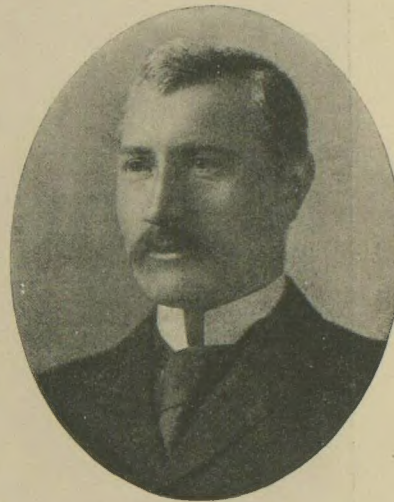


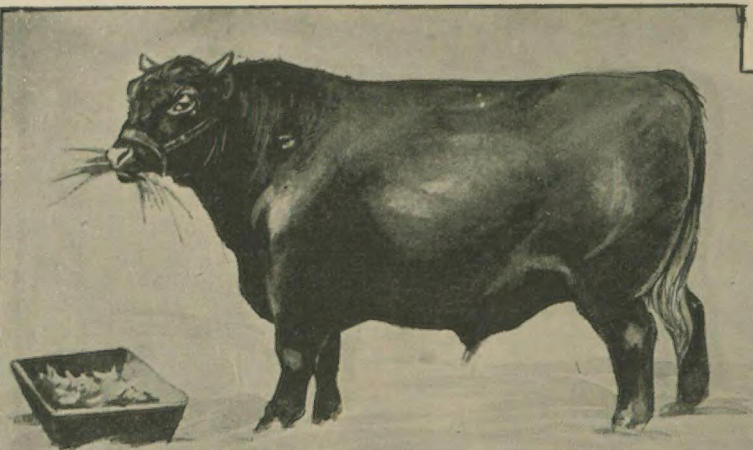
Photo. Aston, Londonderry.
THE LATE DR. WILLIAM SMYTH,
A Heroic Irish Doctor.



Photo. Abdullah Frères.
SAID PASHA,
New Turkish Grand Vizier.

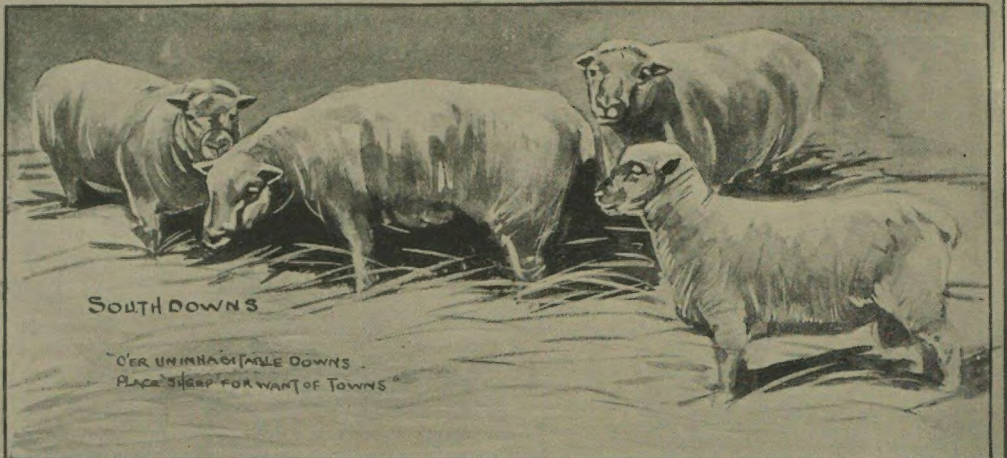
THE BIRMINGHAM FAT STOCK SHOW.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



CHRISTMAS BEEF

"BUTCHER'D TO MAKE AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY"

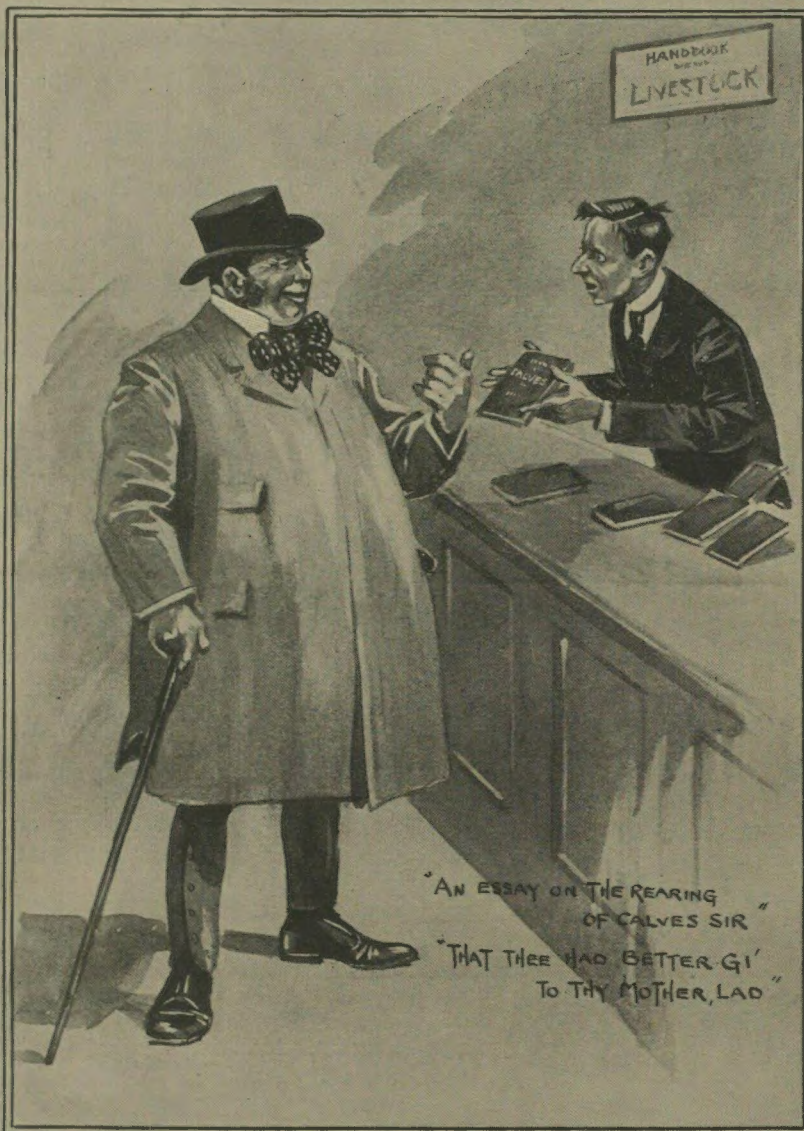


SOUTH DOWNS

"OER UNIMMAGINABLE DOWNS
PLACE SHEEP FORWARD OF TOWNS"



AUTHORITIES
ANCIENT
&
MODERN.

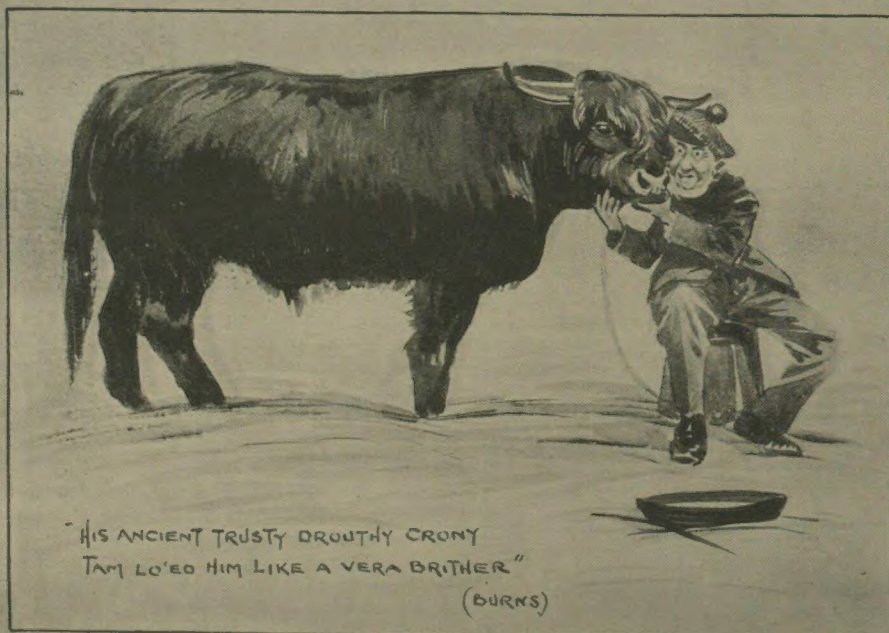


"AN ESSAY ON THE REARING
OF CALVES SIR"
"THAT THEE HAD BETTER GI'
TO THY MOTHER, LAD"



UNSUCCESSFUL STOCKMAN TO
SUCCESSFUL DITTO

"KEEP YOUR COVER ON"
"MOST FOLK PREFERS CALVES 'ED
'OT"



"HIS ANCIENT TRUSTY DROUTHY CRONY
TAM LO'ED HIM LIKE A VERA BRITHER"
(BURNS)



SUFFOLK RED-ROLLED

RALPH CLEAVER 1901

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE FAR EAST.

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

THERE are many nations who are supposed to be "the kindest, most hospitable people in the world." As a man who has been in thirty-two or thirty-three or thirty-four different countries—I am beginning to lose count now—I think I can say the Russians are the most genuinely hospitable folk to be met anywhere. So long as the authorities do not think you an Anarchist or a map-making British military officer, they will let you go anywhere and see anything, and with more freedom than they will allow Russians themselves.

If, however, you want to see Manchuria, the Russian military will give you a courteous but decided "No," and the explanation will be solicitude for your welfare, and because it would grieve them to the heart if the wild Boxers, constantly foraging Manchuria, were to give you your quietus with a three-pronged spear, or to practise on you the most refined of Chinese tortures, fastening you up in a tight-fitting wire suit, and then, with a sharp knife, smoothing down protruding parts of your flesh. The Russian in explaining all this will not be telling the exact truth. But he will prevent you from crossing Manchuria—if he can.

The fact of the matter is, the Russians are in "temporary occupation" of Manchuria, and they do not want anyone of a foreign country to see how they are making use of their time. That phrase "temporary occupation,"

"What right have you to be travelling in Manchuria?" I offered my explanations, and was then invited to dinner. I now feel that the talk about difficulty in crossing Manchuria is rubbish. All you have to do is to go.

The Russians have now completed the Eastern Chinese Railway across Manchuria, though six weeks ago, when I was there, some thirty miles remained to be finished, and I crossed the Hingan Mountains by tarantass. Two branches run from Port Arthur and Vladivostock and join at Harbin, and then the line trails away for nearly a thousand miles north-west into Siberia and joins the Trans-Siberian line near Chita in the Trans-Baikal. It is little better than a construction line as yet. When the Trans-Siberian railway was laid, at the rate of a mile a day, all the world wondered. But this Trans-Manchurian branch has been put down at the phenomenal rate of three miles a day! I saw it being done: an army of Chinese coolies, with big shovels and little baskets, throwing up a bank on the Sungari Plain; other Chinese pitching sleepers on the bank, rather unevenly; rails being run forward from a trolley, thrown down, and quickly clamped to the sleepers; the trolley moved on another dozen yards, and just behind coming a heavily laden train, feeding the workers with sleepers and rails and clamps. It was a wonderful sight.

The line is, I need hardly write, crooked and clumsy, and

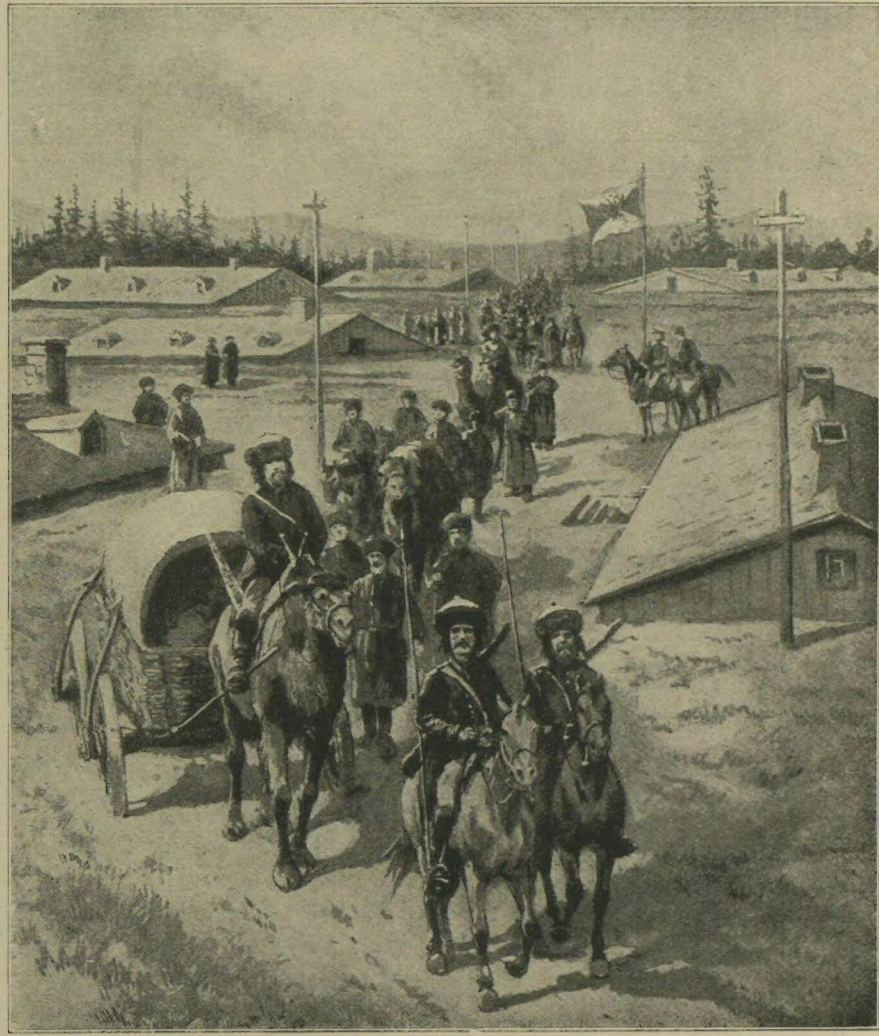
coquetting with autumn, so that in the course of each twenty-four hours I experienced snow, sleet, rain, howling sand-gales, and genial middays with the sun smiling with midsummer warmth.

At Vladivostock my ears had tingled with admonitions on my madness in attempting to run the Manchurian gauntlet. That was why I was careful to cross the frontier at Pogranitsa in rain-slashed midnight. That first night I spent lying in the open on the top of a platform-wagon, with rails for my bed and a coil of telegraph-wire for my pillow. The next day, however, I made friends with Cossack officers, and then I always had a covered goods wagon to sleep in, though I generally spent the day, whatever the weather was, riding outside.

From the picturesque point of view there is not much to be said for Manchuria. It is the custom to declare of all new lands that come into the possession of Western Powers that they are a mass of mineral wealth. There is gold, there is iron, and there is coal in Manchuria, but exactly in what quantities is at present little more than guesswork. There are long, sandy, unprofitable stretches, and generally speaking it is a good wheat-growing country. But there is no wheat grown. Most of the flour I saw had come from America. At Harbin there is a Chinese town as well as a Russian, but what struck me forcibly while travelling through was that while



A CHINO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER POST IN MANCHURIA: COOLIES ENTERING RUSSIAN TERRITORY.



A RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT POST IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL, THROUGH WHICH THE RAILWAY PASSES BEFORE ENTERING MANCHURIA.

so adroitly juggled between diplomatists and so ponderously written about in heavy reviews, makes everybody who knows Russia and the Far East laugh, and I dare say there is much smiling up the sleeves of the Czar's advisers. To put it quite baldly, the Russians are in the "temporary occupation" of Manchuria as Great Britain is in the "temporary occupation" of Egypt. Russia will leave the land of the Manchus about the time England forsakes the land of the Pharaohs—when she is forced.

I confess that, after making a long journey right across Siberia, I became infatuated with a desire to see Manchuria, partly because it is playing an important rôle in the politics of the East and is a region little known, but chiefly because there were very rigid instructions to all the military authorities on the frontiers to keep out Britishers. It was no good asking for permission, for it would have been refused. So I just crossed Manchuria without a single "by your leave" to anybody.

To the arm-chair Britisher such an action seems reckless, and likely to lead to arrest and a couple of years imprisonment as a spy. I might, of course, have given savour to the adventure by disguising myself, dodging every Cossack soldier I saw, and subsisted by eating my shoes and avoiding square meals in Russian company whenever I had the chance. That would have provided me with a thrilling narrative. I did nothing of the kind. True, I dressed like a Russian; but that was for comfort. There was no mistaking my nationality. I had a lurking fear all the seventeen days I was travelling from Vladivostock to Irkutsk that any hour I might be checked and sent back. Yet I was the best of friends with all the Russians and Cossack officers I met. Only once was I stopped authoritatively and the question put,

the trains keep jumping off with the friskiness of rabbits. But there is a line of a sort, over which trains do run, and which now carry the mails, and will, as soon as the hour arrives, groan with the weight of troops. In the eastern section, between Vladivostock and Harbin, a fine, well-ballasted line is being laid. The metals are of the same weight as those used by English railways, and consequently much heavier than in Siberia. Two big tunnels are being cut, one near Harbin and the other not far from Hingan.

All along the route Russian towns are springing into existence. Money is plentiful; life is free and dare-devil. The whole region reminded me of what can be seen in Western America when a particular locality is being "boomed." The fiction is kept up in diplomatic circles that the railway is really Chinese. True, the chairman of the Eastern Chinese Railway Company is a Chinese, and the shareholders must be Chinese or Russians. But there are practically no Chinese shareholders. The money has been found by the Russo-Chinese Bank, which is a Russian bank. The Chinese chairman draws his salary and says nothing, while Mr. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, appoints all officials and engineers, and decides everything about the line.

The railway not being open for passenger traffic, there are no passenger trains, no time-tables, and you cannot tell to a week how long it will take to cross. There are, however, always goods trains carrying construction material that grunt along at six miles an hour, halt for half a day, go on again, tumble off the line, and altogether give you many opportunities to exercise the blessed quality of patience. It was my fortune to traverse Manchuria in the latter half of October, just when winter was

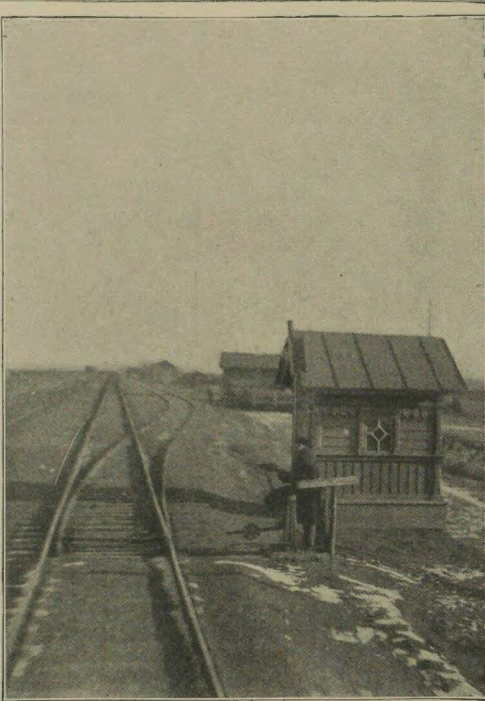
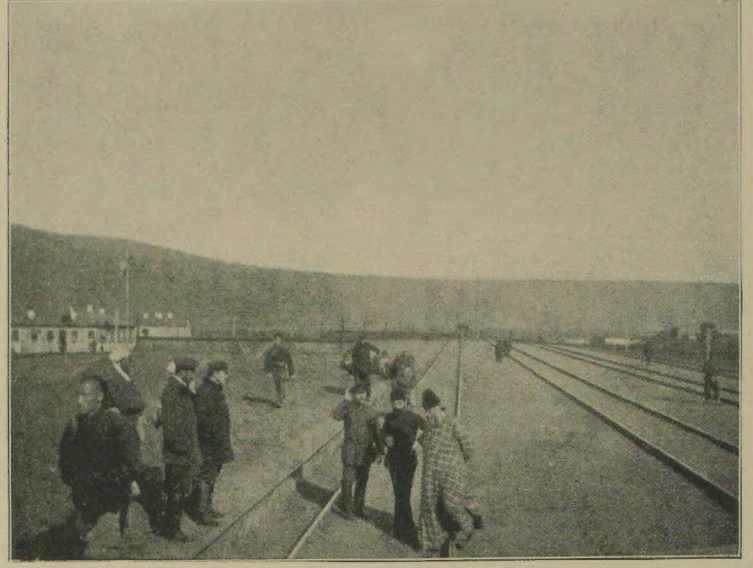
thousands of Chinese and Manchus and Koreans are doing coolie work on the line not a single Chinese village was to be seen. The first object of this new railway is military, and the Russians do not want any tearing up of the line in war-time. Accordingly, the whole of the country for twenty-five versts on either side the line has been depopulated.

All along the line are Cossack guard stations, low, whitewashed buildings, occupied by, maybe, twenty Cossacks and their horses, and near by is always a watch-tower where a soldier is stationed to give warning of any possible attacking party coming over the plains. They are ferocious-looking, these Cossacks, with cruel black eyes, and their tastes are savage. There are plenty of ill-flavoured stories about the way they have treated the Chinese by rapine and murder. Yet my own impression is there has been exaggeration respecting Cossack outrages in Manchuria. They certainly have laid villages waste on either side the line; but that was military policy.

The colonisation of Manchuria by Russia is in full progress. Seven years ago there was not a single Russian in Harbin. Now a town has sprung up with a population of 9000 Russians. The place is a tangle of new buildings being hurriedly run up. Hingan is practically a new town that has jumped into existence in two years. The Chinese have cleared out of Hilar, and Russian stores are being built, and the site is marked for a big Greek Church. Port Arthur is one of the finest harbours in the East—compared with which Wei-Hai-Wei is a poor thing—and the village of Talienwan the Russians have turned into the blossoming town of Dalny, which will rival Tientsin in a few years.

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE FAR EAST: MANCHURIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



THE FIRST STATION IN MANCHURIA AFTER CROSSING THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER.

COSSACK GUARDS IN MANCHURIA.

THE MAKING OF A RUSSIAN TOWN.

THE LAST STATION IN MANCHURIA: RUSSIANS GREETING A GREEK PRIEST.

A TYPICAL RAILWAY STATION.

A GROUP OF MANCHUS.

BRINGING IN THE MAILS.

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE FAR EAST: MANCHURIA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



1. A TEMPORARY DIFFICULTY ON THE TRANS-MANCHURIAN RAILWAY: AN ENGINE OFF THE LINE.
 3. A COSSACK GUARD STATION AND WATCH TOWER.
 5. NIKOLSK, NEAR VLADIVOSTOCK, THE JUNCTION FOR THE TRANS-SIBERIAN AND MANCHURIAN LINES.

2. COSSACKS IN A MANCHU CART.
 4. COSSACK CAMP ON THE MANCHURIAN SIDE OF THE AMUR RIVER.
 6. AN AMERICAN ENGINE ON THE TRANS-MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

THE SECTARIAN DISTURBANCE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, NOVEMBER 4.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FRANCISCAN (ROMAN CATHOLIC) AND ORTHODOX GREEK MONKS AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

AN UNWORTHY STRATAGEM.

By W. E. NORRIS.

*

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

ONE morning, a good many years ago, I was breakfasting all by myself in the big London house which I should have given up after my wife's death if Parliamentary duties had not compelled me to retain a town residence, when my son Percival walked in. I was glad to see him—I fancy that most people were glad to see Percival in those days, for he was a handsome, pleasant, cheery young fellow, though apt, by reason of juvenile vagaries, to cause occasional trouble—and I inquired where he was from last. He said he had been spending Easter at Monte Carlo, at which announcement I may have pulled a long face; for he mid: haste to

add, laughing—

"Don't be alarmed; I have been a good boy. Paid my expenses this time, and a trifle over. I say," he went on, "I want you to come and dine this evening at that new restaurant in Piccadilly and meet the Lessinghams. Awfully jolly people; you're sure to like them."

I shook my head, not feeling the same assurance. It was so seldom my good fortune to like the people whom my son liked. I said I presumed that he had picked them up at Monte Carlo, which he admitted to be the case, and on being requested to furnish further particulars, he could only repeat the rather irrelevant and idiotic statement that they were awfully jolly people.

"Monte Carlo," I observed, "is no doubt the sort of place where one would be in the way of meeting awfully jolly people. Who and what are the Lessinghams when they are not at Monte Carlo?"

"Oh, they're just the same," he answered, with a ludicrous assumption of mild innocence.

"Consisting of?" I pursued inquisitorially.

"Mother and daughter," he replied.

I had conjectured as much. "Well," I sighed, "I'll dine with you. I suppose I may as well see them."

I accordingly went—and saw very much what I had expected to see. I saw, that is to say, a tall girl with a creamy complexion and masses of dark hair, and also saw a

well-preserved, middle-aged, bright-eyed lady, who greeted me in a style to which I could take no exception, and who, to do her justice, conversed easily and agreeably. Of course, I saw, in addition, that Percival was desperately smitten with Miss Lessingham. He had, I may mention, accustomed me to spectacles of that nature.

Well, they would not do. Even before I had ascertained that they knew scarcely anybody in London, that they had no fixed abode, and that they spent nearly the whole of their time abroad—constrained so to do, Mrs. Lessingham honestly and laughingly avowed, by the

circumstance of their being "so ridiculously poor"—it had become plain to me that they would never do. At the same time, I found them pleasant enough as acquaintances, and this civil verdict upon them I subsequently imparted to my son, with whom it would have been premature to expostulate. He was evidently disappointed at my not having invited them to Grosvenor Street, but I had anticipated him there.

"Mrs. Lessingham," said I, "was kind enough to accept my apologies for being unable to offer to ladies the hospitality of a house which has no mistress. She likewise declared that she quite understood. Perhaps she did."

Percival, reddening slightly, observed that most people had sufficient intelligence to understand a snub.

It may be so, although my own experience does not bear out so unqualified an assertion. Anyhow, I refrained from snubbing Mrs. and Miss Lessingham, whom I met from time to time in the course of the next few weeks, and who did not seem to me to constitute a serious danger as yet. I met them because, despite their professed friendless condition, they had (doubtless through Percival's instrumentality) obtained a few introductions. I daresay Mrs. Lessingham's liveliness and *bon-homie* did the rest; the girl struck me as being rather dull and melancholy. It seemed quite upon the cards that Percival would grow weary of her; for I had the best of reasons for being aware that nothing could equal my son's susceptibility except his inconstancy.

Shortly before the Whitsuntide recess it became necessary for me to go down to Clayfield and address my constituents, a task always somewhat distasteful to me. The borough for which I then sat (since very properly merged and redistributed out of existence) was in many ways a vexatious one to represent. For one thing, the Nonconformist vote was all-powerful there, and the Nonconformists were for ever taking tiresome fads into their heads. This time, if you please, they were for abolishing, or at least—since that could not well be—



"Oh, Mr. Harley, didn't I foresee that you would yield to temptation!"

discountenancing, the Clayfield races, which, according to them, were a fertile source of drunkenness, disorder, and general debauchery. Now, although not a racing man, I have always taken a certain interest in the Turf, and it so happened that I wished rather particularly to attend this meeting, which was, as a matter of fact, no worse or more disorderly than other race-meetings. I therefore judiciously ignored the subject in my speech, and was on that account afterwards taken to task by the chairman, one Mr. Barker, who was the most influential, as well as the most troublesome, of my supporters. He remarked—

"You had a fairly good reception, Mr. Harley; but you would have had a much warmer one, in my opinion, if you had vigorously denounced horse-racing, with all its attendant evils. The question, as you know, is a burning one here, and we were all looking for a few words from you about it."

"But, you see, I don't disapprove of horse-racing," I answered. "On the contrary, I consider it to be an immense national benefit."

He shook his bald head and raised his fat shoulders indulgently. "Well, well, I won't argue that point, Mr. Harley. I fear, however, that you have missed an opportunity by not condemning the local meeting."

"But I don't disapprove of the local meeting either," said I boldly. "In fact, I was rather thinking—as a steward—of attending it myself."

The good man—I remember that he was a good man in the sense of being ostentatiously pious, and as charitable as he could possibly reconcile it with his duty to himself to be—tossed up his hands with a gesture of consternation.

"My dear Sir, you must not dream of such a thing! I have already, in compliance with what I believed and took it for granted was your wish, removed your name from the list of stewards. As for being seen on the course—Mercy upon us, you might as well resign the seat at once! And a General Election practically assured for the autumn, too!"

I wanted very much to call him an impertinent and officious ass; I also wanted most intensely to kick him. But, as a wretched M.P. can hardly ever do the things that he wants to do, I swallowed my wrath, and said, in mildly persuasive accents—

"I should think you might explain it away for once, Mr. Barker, you who are so clever at explanations. The truth is that I have a reason for wishing to be present at the Clayfield races this year, and as soon as they are over I will fulminate against drunkenness and public-house betting and all the rest of it as loudly as you like."

I had a reason, in the shape of a strong desire to witness what promised to be a very interesting race, and I do not mind confessing that I had backed the animal which, I thought, ought just to win. But it would have served no good purpose to mention this to him, nor, indeed, did my pleas and representations serve any. Barker, obstinately obdurate, gave me to understand that the entire Nonconformist body, together with a large proportion of Church people, was equally so.

"It simply is not to be thought of, Mr. Harley!" he declared.

The end of it was that I had to give in; and I returned to London in a very bad temper, asking myself whether, after all, a seat in the House of Commons was worth retaining under such conditions. Of course, as a fact, the House has attractions. There is no need to particularise them, for their existence is manifest: otherwise, why should the ruck of us accept the humiliations and submit to all the expense and discomfort that we do in order to secure a right of entry therein? However, I was, as I say, very cross; which may account for the unwonted asperity that I displayed towards Percival, whom I found lolling in my armchair and smoking my cigarettes when I reached home.

"Back from your tub-thumping excursion?" was his bland greeting. "Hope you've had a ripping time. I say, don't forget that we're dining with Mrs. Merriman to-night, to meet the Lessinghams."

I had forgotten the circumstance, and his reminder jarred upon my irritated nerves. "Look here, Percival," said I, "I hope there isn't going to be any nonsense between you and that girl. You have been sitting in her pocket all day and every day for weeks past, and it is beginning to be talked about. The time seems to me to have come for you to drop it."

"I'm not going to drop it," was his cool reply; "I'm going to marry Dora Lessingham."

"The devil you are!" I ejaculated in dismay. "Am I to understand, then, that you have actually proposed to the girl and been accepted, without so much as asking my consent?"

It was a relief to hear that he had not behaved quite so outrageously as that. Nevertheless, he was going to propose to her, he declared, and he was not without hope that his offer would be favourably received. Then, of course, there was an altercation, the details of which I abstain from reporting, because one is apt, under such circumstances, to employ language which is just as well forgotten. My son's language, I recollect, was the reverse of respectful; my own may have been a trifle wanting in dignity. Percival, who had nothing in the world beyond what I allowed him, could not marry in defiance of my prohibition, and this he admitted. What he would by no means admit was the social inferiority of the Lessinghams, upon which I insisted. They were, he maintained, "every bit as good" as we were, and although my misplaced pride (I am afraid he called it my "beastly snobbishness") might spoil his life and sever him from his Dora, it would never make him espouse a bride of my selection. Dora Lessingham or nobody!—that was what it came to, and I might take his word for it.

I was to be excused, I think, for taking his word upon a matter pertaining to the affections with a grain of salt; for Miss Lessingham, as I believe I have already mentioned, was no more his first love than she was likely to be his last. But, being strong, I was merciful, and I did not put him in mind of by-gones. I even, to show that I could be magnanimous, took his word for it that Mrs. and Miss Lessingham were not in the least what I imagined them to be. He was as convinced of their disinterestedness as howas of his own; and so should I be if I knew them better.

Without desiring to know them any better, I was willing to give them credit for being disinterested; and, in truth, I should not have been unwilling, some hours later, to acknowledge that Mrs. Lessingham was a nice, sympathetic sort of woman. I found out how sympathetic she was during dinner, when I was placed by her side, and when she manifested an evidently sincere compassion for me in connection with that forfeited race-meeting. I could not help telling her about it; my thoughts had reverted to the subject after I had been relieved from immediate anxiety concerning Percival, and I really had to tell somebody.

"How horrid for you!" she exclaimed. "So perfectly ridiculous, too! Of course you can't go."

"Of course I can't," I agreed; "and of course it is perfectly ridiculous. But one can't hope to represent ridiculous people in Parliament without being made in some way personally ridiculous."

"I suppose you couldn't slip down to Clayfield quietly without being noticed?" she suggested.

I shook my head. "Much too risky! The dissenters, it is true, wouldn't be on the course; but I should undoubtedly be recognised and betrayed to them."

"So that you are really a slave to the dissenters."

"Well, if you choose to put it so," I rather sullenly assented.

"I don't think," she remarked meditatively, "that I should much like the feeling of being anybody's slave." Then she looked up suddenly and laughed. "I really believe," said she, "that if I were in your place I should go to the races in spite of them, even if I had to disguise myself with a false beard."

"I am quite sure," I retorted, "that if you were in my place you would do no such thing."

I am free to admit, all the same, that her words applied a sort of spur to a silly, mischievous notion which had already begun to germinate in my mind. Why should I not defy or deceive my tyrants—not, indeed, by the aid of a false beard, which would be rather too ridiculous, but possibly by that of a turned-up collar? However, I did not at the moment dwell upon this alluring conception, but availed myself of an opportunity, which perhaps might not recur, to speak somewhat seriously and confidentially to Mrs. Lessingham respecting my only son, his temperament and his prospects. I flatter myself that what I said was tactfully and considerably put. I dotted no "i's," I crossed no "t's"; I merely stated in general terms what was very true—namely, that Percival was deplorably addicted to falling in love, that his attachments seldom lasted more than a few months, that he had an unfortunate habit of favouring ladies who were, for various reasons, out of the question, and that when he did marry, I hoped and expected him to make what is known in worldly parlance as a good marriage. I believe I added incidentally that he was entirely dependent upon me.

Mrs. Lessingham received my remarks in a spirit which I could not but feel to be both becoming and kindly. I saw by her slightly distressed look that the application of them was not lost upon her; but she betrayed no anger, nor, so far as I could judge, any disappointment. All she said was—

"Your point of view is the point of view of most parents, Mr. Harley. I won't pretend that it is entirely my own, because I am for letting young people have what they want, if possible; yet I must allow that it is grounded upon common sense, and, as far as that goes, I also should like my daughter to make a good marriage."

Something in her voice and eyes seemed to imply that she had cherished ambitious visions, but that she was prepared to acquiesce meekly in their extinction. I was touched. Upwards of two score years and ten had I lived in this wicked world, yet I had not learnt enough to know that women are never more dangerous than when they appear to be meekly acquiescent! This I mention as affording some testimony to the simplicity of my character, and because I hope thereby to enlist—if that may be—the sympathy of the reader on my behalf in what shortly came to pass.

I do not ask readers to sympathise—I feel sure they could not—with the moral and mental weakness which took me down to Clayfield on the race-day. It was, no doubt, an idiotic thing to do; but perhaps the pouring rain may be accepted as in some sort an extenuating circumstance. The facilities for preserving one's incognito furnished by such weather must be obvious to everybody. Anyhow, I did go, and a most exciting contest it was my privilege to behold. Only by a bare head did I win my money, and I am not going to deny that the pleasure of winning it was enhanced for me by the thought that I had beaten the blatant Barker.

But my exultation, as may well be believed, met with a rude check when, as I was paddling through the mud off the course (naturally, I had not been such a fool as to approach the Grand Stand), a lady in a streaming waterproof delftly jerked my umbrella upwards with her own, and accosted me by name. Mrs. Lessingham it was who shook her finger playfully at me, laughed in my face, and cried—

"Oh, Mr. Harley, didn't I foresee that you would yield to temptation!"

"If you foresaw that you foresaw nothing out of the ordinary," I testily returned; "the extraordinary thing is your being here. What on earth has brought you down from London?"

"Can't you guess?" she smilingly asked.

As I could not, and as I was most anxious to avoid observation, I drew her behind an adjoining belt of trees in order that she might enlighten me. This she did with the brevity and directness which the very uncomfortable circumstances rendered desirable.

"Mr. Harley," said she, "I am here to tell you that your son loves my daughter and that my daughter loves your son. Why can't they be allowed to marry?"

"Because," I answered, in a style equally concise and unceremonious, "I don't think that your daughter's position in society makes her a suitable wife for him."

"That," she remarked, "is such a pity! But I won't attempt to conquer your prejudices; I will only beg you to observe that the question is too complicated to be disposed of in that offhand way. It is complicated, I mean, by the fact that I can now denounce you to your constituents and deprive you of your seat in Parliament."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that you have come down to brandish such a treat over my head?"

"Do you really imagine, Mr. Harley, that I came here to get my feet wet through and to look on at some stupid horse-races?"

"No lady," said I severely, "could be guilty of such conduct."

"You have taken a good deal of pains," she coolly rejoined, "to impress upon me that, in your opinion, I am not a lady. You can't have it both ways, you know. Assuming that I am not a lady, you must not expect me to behave like one. In any case, I assure you that the threat is perfectly serious, and that it will be carried out unless you consent to make two lovers happy."

"And to think that it was I who placed this weapon in your hand!" I ejaculated.

"Yes; that was bad luck for you and good luck for me," she complacently observed. "There must be luck, and somebody must win, in every game, though."

I expostulated, I reasoned with her, I am afraid I also attempted to bribe her; but all was in vain. Not an inch would she yield, and—to cut a long story short—it was I who ended by yielding. I will say for her that she was persuasive. She convinced me that she and her daughter were not in the least disreputable, that there was nothing against them except their obscurity and their poverty, and these drawbacks, she was kind enough to add, would be removed by the proposed alliance. Moreover, I was really anxious to retain my seat and avert a scandal which would make everybody laugh. And then, again, Percival was quite capable of marrying some even more undesirable person. Mrs. Lessingham and I became almost friendly as we journeyed back to London in a railway-carriage which, I was glad to think, I had managed to enter without being detected by anybody who was acquainted with my features.

Now, all this shows the folly of precipitancy. Had I but requested a truce of twenty-four hours, in which to think matters over, the required concession would, I have very little doubt, have been granted by a lady who felt so secure of holding the winning cards. Instead of which, I must needs capitulate; and the very first words that Percival said to me on my return home caused me to repent of my headlong haste. I found him waiting for me in Grosvenor Street, and he began at once, with a short, discomfited laugh—

"Well, you'll be glad to hear that it's all over between me and Dora Lessingham. You were quite right about them; they are in a sort of way adventuresses, and they did come to England for the express purpose of capturing me. At least, the mother did; Dora wasn't so eager, though she allowed herself to be bullied into playing her part. All the same, I don't know—and she herself says she doesn't know—that she would have refused me if she didn't happen to be in love with some other fellow, whom Mrs. Lessingham sent flying last winter on account of his poverty. When I proposed to-day she burst into tears and confessed the whole truth, saying that she was short of courage to obey orders. She also said that she would catch it like anything from her mother, which I should think was quite probable."

"And you didn't persevere?" I asked, not a little dismayed.

"What! after she had told me in so many words that she had been humbugging me all along, and that she loved another man? Rather not!" returned my son and heir, whose vanity had evidently suffered.

"But the worst of it is that you will have to marry Miss Lessingham now," said I; "there is no way out of it that I can see."

I then related to him, as briefly as possible, the unfortunate episode which had forced me to the above conclusion; with the result that, after laughing at me in a most disrespectful manner, he absolutely refused to be made a party to any compact entered into on his behalf behind his back. For me and my dilemma he had not a particle of compassion; he declared that I ought, on the contrary, to consider myself devilish lucky.

"Lucky!" I groaned, "when that enraged woman will make haste to expose me and cover me with ridicule!"

"Oh, I doubt whether she'll do that," Percival carelessly but consolingly answered; "she isn't a bad sort, after her fashion. Besides, what would she gain by doing it? I shouldn't marry her daughter; she would only serve you an ill turn."

"The very reason why she will do it!" I remarked.

But I suppose I must have been unjust to her there; for she never denounced me, nor from that day forth did we see or hear anything more of the Lessinghams. It was only the other day that, after the lapse of many years, I was accosted at a foreign watering-place by an elderly lady, who revealed herself to me as my former antagonist. Her daughter, she informed me, in the course of subsequent conversation, had long been satisfactorily married to a man of adequate means, and as my son is now the husband of a charming lady and the father of a small family, there was no hatchet for us to bury.

"But I must say," she remarked, with a retrospective laugh, "that you were very easily reduced to submission. It would have been so simple for you to temporise until we reached London, and then deny that you had ever been near Clayfield on the day of the races! What chance would my word have had of being taken against yours? Or, if you had scruples about telling direct lies, why should you not have taken the opposite line and boldly avowed to the electors what you had done? I don't believe you would have lost much; for all Englishmen are sportsmen at heart."

"And what would you have done in that case?" I had the curiosity to inquire.

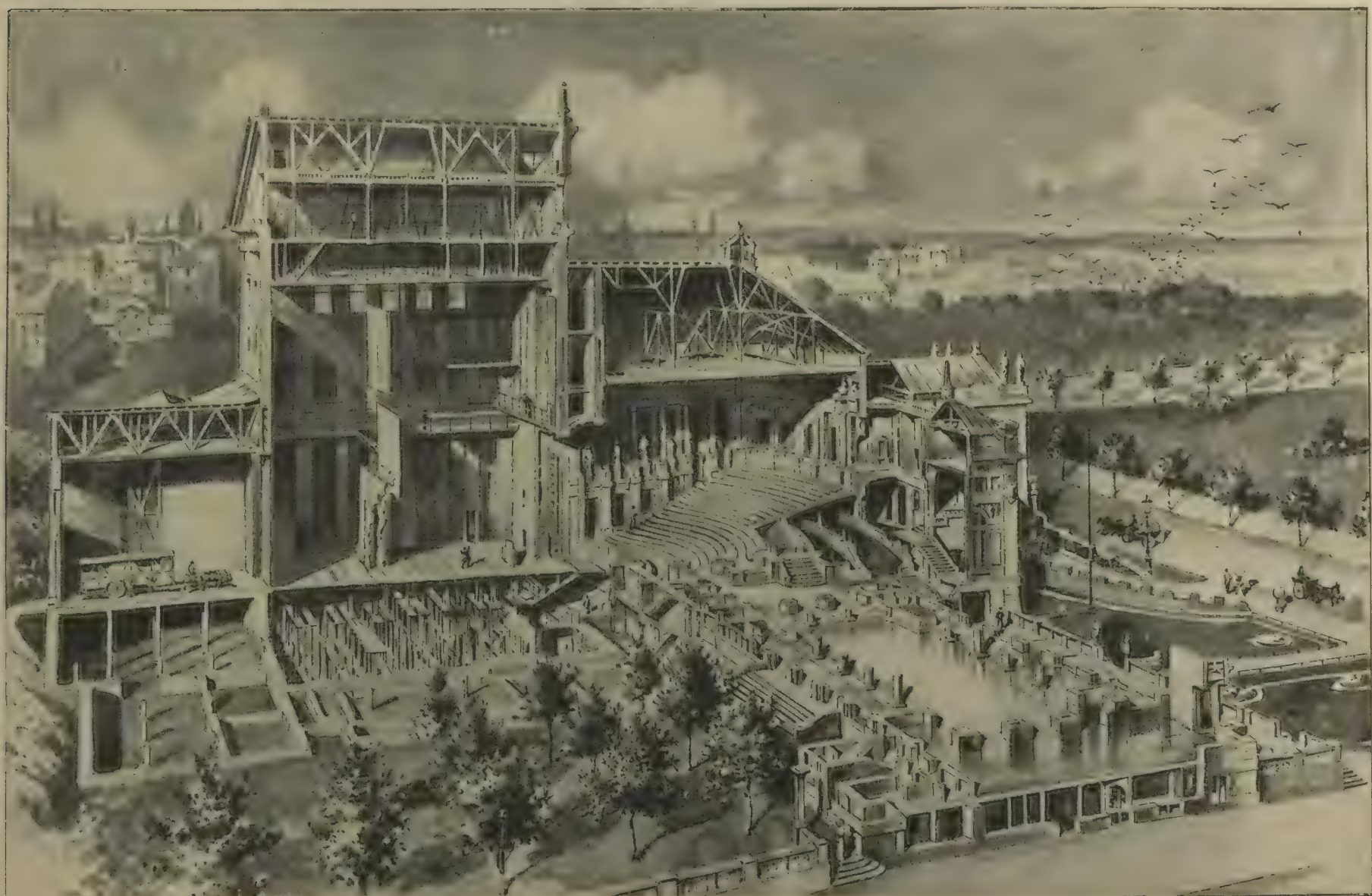
"Well," she replied, smiling, "I suppose I should have had to think of some other plan. Of course, from the moment that Dora betrayed me to your son the game was up; but supposing that she had not done so, I dare say I could have hit upon another plan. However, I knew that the one which I adopted would come off, and that I should scare you out of your wits. To tell the truth, Mr. Harley, I took your measure almost as soon as I saw you."

This seemed to me such a needlessly rude and disagreeable thing to say that I presently excused myself and broke off the colloquy.



THE POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOUR OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER IN HYDE PARK, DECEMBER 1.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



A PLAYHOUSE IN SECTION: DESIGN SHOWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE AUDITORIUM, STAGE AND ACCESSORIES, OF THE NEW PRINCE REGENT THEATRE AT MUNICH.

LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

One of the most beautiful windows in Regent Street is that of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, at No. 112, next door to the Stereoscopic Company. The



FINE DIAMOND AND PEARL PENDANT.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

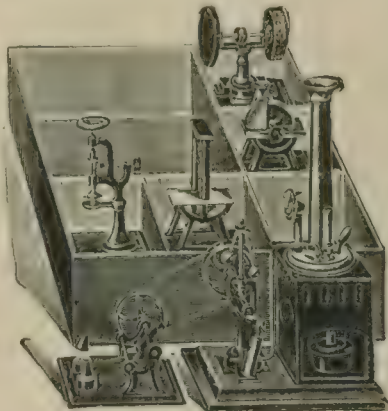
superb jewels reposing on their white velvet *fond* in the one window, and the artistic silver behind the other plate glass, draw the eye with instinctive admiration. But this is merely a faint indication of the beauty within. The fine show-room, so extensive and well-lighted, and filled with a magnificent stock, is quite one of the sights of London, and visitors need not hesitate to enter, apart from any immediate intention to purchase, as the assistants are instructed to allow the cases to be inspected without any request to purchase being urged. Every variety of article of jewellery is to be seen in its appropriate department, while the stock of silver, whether in massive articles such as are requisite for public presentations or in pieces for private purchase, is also unusually fine and extensive. However, jewellery is perhaps most in demand for Christmas presents, and every variety is here. A handsome exhibition-case contains a display of the most superb and costly gems, such as would be shown at a great international exhibition (the company, by the way, were awarded the Grand Prix at Paris last year). Among the ornaments now displayed there is a superb necklace of eight great opals, matchless in fire and beauty, surrounded by diamonds in ovals. There is a string of the finest pearls, so large, so perfect in shape and texture, and so well matched that, though only long enough to go once round the neck, the value is £4000. There is a twisted rope or girdle of seed-pearls. A magnificent necklet in turquoises and diamonds has a large bow ornament set upon its centre. Very beautiful, though not large, is a diamond butterfly, the brilliants set *pavé* fashion, so close together that the setting is quite concealed; this is arranged on a spiral spring, so that it quivers with the least movement of the wearer, and must be a blaze of translucent light. There is a rarely large cat's-eye set as a pendant. A Louis-shaped buckle of the finest brilliants is another splendid ornament. Platinum is now more costly than gold, and can be worked with sufficient strength into very fine chains; one of the newest forms of ornament is a pendant in an old Italian design of scroll-work, with five diamond drops hanging from it, set upon a platinum chain which is almost invisible, so that the beautiful diamonds might be fastened of their own accord on the wearer's bosom. The fine bracelet that we illustrate, with its two rows of perfect pearls held together by a handsomely designed ornament in brilliants, is a lovely piece of jewellery. Then there is that pearl and diamond pendant illustrated, a sumptuous ornament. But while these and many other splendid pieces are gifts that a millionaire or a duke



GOLD FLEXIBLE BRACELET WITH PEARLS AND ENAMEL.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

might fitly select, it that more ordinary forthcoming. On the unusually large price, the value for taste of the design in proportion. There are some little brooches for but a guinea or twenty-five shillings. One such is a gold wishing-bone, upon which is set a spray of mistletoe in coloured gold, with pearls for the berries. Enamel is much used this year, with precious stones, and produces some charming effects. Enamel appears in some of the bangles which begin at quite moderate price; some, indeed, are but forty-five shillings. The bracelet illustrated is a graceful design; the flexible chain is set with pearls, and shamrock leaves and lady-birds alternately are placed round it, in coloured enamel. A very handsome bracelet has little bars composed of four lines of enamel, red and blue alternately, finely flecked with white, these bars being joined by gold links. Snakes do not commend themselves to all of us, but for some people they have a fascination, and make the basis of a variety of most delightful designs. A snake in diamonds twists himself into an oval with his head downwards, holding a pearl in his mouth, his ruby eyes wickedly gleaming just above. In another ornament there is a double snake twined round a centre pearl, and having a diamond drop. The twin lace brooches are in many designs; there are two flies in opals with rose-diamond wings, joined by a trace-chain; or a spider in turquoises and diamonds, and a fly in turquoises with ruby eyes, on their respective stick-pins, with a chain between. A tortoise is excellently

simulated in the centre of a chain, the brooches at each end being plain gold safety-pins. A ruby heart and an emerald heart, the chain joining them set with pearls, is another design; but there is an endless variety of these trifles. The same must be said of charms to hang on the chain. One of these is a hobby-horse in red enamel with white spots. The star charm is a plaque of enamel in any colour, with a diamond sunk in it for the star, and a motto worked round: "This be your lucky star." A miniature Post Office telegraph-form in white enamel, bears a motto such as "With best wishes," or "Happy returns," in the appropriate spaces for the telegraphing. One very practical charm must not be overlooked; it is a tiny box in appearance, but it opens out telescopically, so that, behold! it becomes a full-sized usable cigarette-holder with amber mouthpiece. Long muff-chains are as fashionable as ever, and are adorned with many kinds of stones. A useful present is a hair-slide either in plain gold or set with pearls or turquoises.



THE "WATT" ENGINE.
Messrs. Parkins and Gotto.

scientific toy for the benefit of youths who have passed the age of mere games, and are prepared for amusement in which some science is included. Their speciality this year, priced at a guinea, is a "Watt" set, consisting of a genuine working steam-engine, fitted with water-gauge, governors, and whistle, and five practical working models, such as a lathe, which the engine will run. The power is supplied by a spirit-lamp. A catalogue may be obtained.

Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, at 54, Oxford Street, W., besides their large stock of fancy goods and toys of every description, make a speciality of presenting each Christmas a

Messrs. S. Smith and Son, at 9, Strand (close to Charing Cross Station), have a reputation for their watches, which range from the highest class of most elaborate and costly time-keepers to cheap little presents for young people. A novelty just introduced by them



"DEAREST" RING.
Messrs. S. Smith and Son.



MOTOR CLOCK.
Messrs. S. Smith and Son.

is the motor-watch illustrated; it has a good solid movement, and is set in a strong metal case provided with holes to screw on the front of the motor-car. A large stock of jewellery may here be selected from; the "1902" brooch illustrated is prepared for Coronation year, having the initials "E.R." in rubies and sapphires, with the date in rose diamonds. Another speciality is a cluster ring, which, besides being very pretty, spells out "Dearest" by the



CORONATION BROOCH.—Messrs. S. Smith and Son.

first letters of the names of the stones that compose it. A novelty is a small gold pendant the size of a shilling, on the outside of which the recipient's initials are enamelled; while inside is found a miniature portrait of the donor, and a jewelled horseshoe charm. There are also many large and fine gem ornaments to select from here.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, the oldest wine-merchants of the kingdom, were for many years the wine-merchants of her late Majesty, and have been honoured by the same appointment to King Edward, a fact which speaks for itself. There is perhaps nothing in which it is so indispensable to be able to place confidence in the merchant from whom one buys as is the case with wine: quality is so all-important, and it is so possible to be deceived. Messrs. Hedges and Butler's unassailable reputation assures us that any present selected from their price-list, which covers every sort of wines, spirits, and liqueurs, will be the very best procurable for the outlay.

For a present of lasting value, giving daily pleasure by a combination of utility and beauty, what can be more suitable than a piece of furniture? Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall East, Trafalgar Square, display in their extensive show-rooms every description of furniture, whether modern, or modern reproductions of antique designs, or genuine antique pieces carefully repaired and revived. All varieties of pieces of furniture are on view here in large quantities, and it is safe to say with unimpeachable good taste displayed in every single article. Our illustration shows a sweet little music cabinet in mahogany, with the panels handsomely inlaid with satin-wood, and ormolu fittings. The graceful outline and the daintiness of the inlay make this as elegant as an addition to the drawing-room furniture, as its shelves and drawers render it a useful one. Chairs, commodes, show-tables for silver, coffee and other occasional tables, mirrors, screens either to place in front of the fire, or to shield the apartment from draughts—all these supply useful gifts, and some of them not at all costly. In Messrs. Hampton's china and glass department there is a good stock of figures, candlesticks, etc., in royal Worcester ware, and some fine English cut glass is offered in the form of salad-bowls, toilet sets, and liqueur services. Quite novel are some Dutch pottery vases, on which landscapes of the Dutch school appear with a very rich dark effect. One of the new art overmantels, in which carved wood forms a frame for a Leighton or other charming black-and-white picture, would give distinction to any room. Cushions in silk or velvet, embroidered table-centres, table-covers, and many other charming additions to the home, acceptable to any house-proud lady, may be seen here in extensive choice. Messrs. Hampton issue a special catalogue for each department, which will be sent free on application.



INLAID MUSIC CABINET.
Messrs. Hampton.



LADIES' DRESSING-CASE.—Messrs. Drew and Son.

are many new and beautiful designs in silver, and in leather-work with gold and silver mounts, such as purses, letter-cases, cigar-cases, chatelaine-bags, inkstands, brush-cases, etc.

It is agreeable to find that what one has done for pleasure is also justly and rightly to be regarded as a highly beneficial and salutary proceeding. According to the eminent authority of the *Lancet*, this is the case with

the use of perfume. "The liberal use of scent on the handkerchief," says our medical contemporary, "is calculated to make it antiseptic and to destroy germs, owing to the action of the essential oils and the spirit of the scent." It is, however, very important that the ingredients of the perfume should be of good quality. Nothing can be better than the famous "4711" brand of eau-de-Cologne, which is composed of the very best ingredients, and is therefore as healthful as it is delightful. It is made by the same manufacturer as the celebrated "Rhine Violet" perfume, Herr Mühlens, who is also responsible for the dainty perfumes called "Rhine Gold" and "Malmaison"; these can all be obtained from the stores and most good chemists and perfumers, but Mühlens' make must be specially asked for, as sometimes substitutes are produced by the local tradesmen for the sake of extra profit. The English home of "4711" perfumery is at 62, New Bond Street, and my readers should call in there, if possible, and see not only the different sizes of the bottles and cases in plain form, but also the beautifully got-up glass sprays and bottles of perfume in elegant cases, which make most graceful presents. The eau-de-Cologne is specially delightful in the lavish abundance of a wicker bottle holding a quart, which is sold at 12s. 6d. A price-list can be had on application.

NOTES AND DRESS.

Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc, a leading Frenchwoman suffragist, has had the happy thought of designing a stamp to emphasise the fact that political freedom is still considered an appanage of one sex only. The new French postage stamps represent a young woman standing against a shield, on which is inscribed the motto, "Rights of Man." Mlle. Auclerc's stamps show the converse: a young man holding a shield on which is inscribed "Rights of Woman." She has had several thousands of these prepared, and suggests that everybody interested in the cause shall affix one of them to another part of the envelope as a pendant or contrast to the official legend. Whether this demonstration will be permitted by the French postal authorities remains to be seen. When Miss Susan Anthony, the leader of the American women suffragists, was in Germany some years ago, she quite inadvertently tried the temper of the German postal authorities in a similar way, and found that the results were not satisfactory. She posted a number of her letters in the official envelopes of her society, which bore upon them a printed phrase claiming "equal rights before the law for women and men." This was quite too much for the German authorities; all the letters were confiscated and taken back to the writer some days afterwards by a policeman, with a message that political opinions were not permitted to be thus openly diffused through the post. In England the Women's Suffrage movement, whether owing to the war or to some more distant reason, is not in an active condition. There was, however, a large attendance at the annual meeting of the society last week, with Lady Frances Balfour in the chair; but the platform was not strong and the speeches were rather discouraging. Mrs. Maitland, M.L.S.B., pointed out that there has been a distinct retrogression in regard to the public work of women in recent years; the power which they possessed of serving upon vestries in London has been deliberately taken away by Parliament, and by the proposed new Education Bill of the present Government, women voters would be deprived of the right to elect directly any members of their own sex to watch over the education of children and the interests of the women teachers. Mr. Corrie Grant, M.P., told the meeting a whole-some truth when he said that their attempts to act upon the minds of members of Parliament were of very little use until they had converted the public opinion of the country, and especially until they had made women themselves more in earnest in desiring to vote for members of Parliament.

War-time is necessarily always unfavourable to social movements; there is neither money nor attention for anything but the all-absorbing Moloch. It is, however, interesting to observe that in the reforms now being made in regard to the Army Medical Department, women are for the first time recognised as an organising power. Army nursing is largely done by orderlies; so far as the field forces are concerned, that is inevitable; but in the base hospitals, the value of the services of trained women nurses has always been fully recognised. They have, however,

been merely subordinate hitherto; the utmost that the female head of the nursing service could do was to make suggestions through her medical superiors, and, of course, in the organisation of the whole service she had no share. Under the new scheme the head matron is to have a seat on the Advisory Board, with the few "great guns" of the medical profession who compose the Board; and there are also three or four trained nurses placed on the Staff Council of the Department. Had Miss Nightingale been given an official position on her return from the Crimea, who can doubt that the nursing of the Army would have been the better for the appointment?

The Guild of Women Binders has opened a free exhibition of books and pictures connected with coronations, at 61, Charing Cross Road. The Guild has been fortunate in securing royal patronage, which honour, however, it may be added, the women who have taken up this artistic handicraft have thoroughly deserved by the excellence of their work. The Guild recently bound a new visitors' book for Sandringham, and also was honoured by an order to produce an album for the Princess of Wales to take with her on her recent journey. It was designed to contain views of the places visited,

Irish lace, but, of course, improperly so. True lace is the product of the needle or of the bobbin, and though the crochet-hook now and then is wielded with such skill by the Irish workers that its products are as shapely in outline and as accurate in detail as if it were needlepoint, it is, after all, a different thing from true lace, and does not deserve to usurp the name. Patterns in the Irish crochet work are very good, being copied from the old Venetian rose-point, which as far as possible the crochet work resembles. There is, however, a wide difference.

Besides the dresses completely composed of lace, and placed over silk, satin, or chiffon foundations, there are all manner of admixtures of lace with embroidery; while, of course, any flounce or piece of lace that may be possessed may be utilised on evening dresses of satin or brocade. Black and white net and lace are fashionable mixtures. A black net sprinkled all over with white lace leaves, and finished with a deep flounce of white lace round the foot, and a white Luxeuil lace, with black lace picked out with chenille forming a deep flounce round the bottom, were both very smart. In another gown, diamond-shaped medallions in black lace were set

all round on a white net dress with plaitings of black velvet following the outline down to three full flounces of white chiffon, on which some spots of black chenille were thrown. Upon yet another white lace dress were placed black velvet leaves, with flowers of padded chiffon in black brightened with gold sequins. Visiting-gowns have lace appliqué *à jour*, a coloured lining being very likely visible through the line of lace. White lining is used with black silk a great deal, a line of lace at the top of the shaped flounce showing the white glacé silk beneath glistening through its meshes. That somewhat commonplace thing, a black silk dress, becomes an object of beauty when it is abundantly trimmed with lines of black lace, and perhaps on the black lace white lace medallions touched with sequins, and a frou-frou of pleated net or chiffon round the foot.

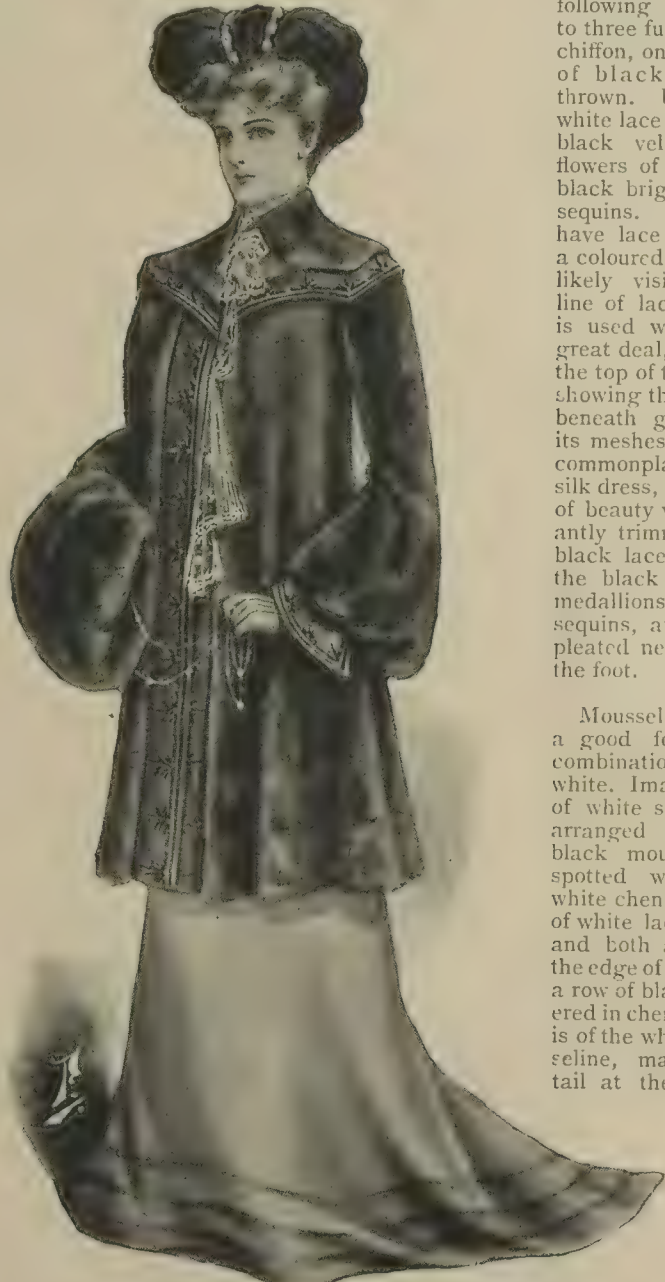
Mousseline-de-soie makes a good foundation for a combination of black and white. Imagine a foundation of white silk over which is arranged a tunic skirt of black mousseline-de-soie, spotted with pastilles of white chenille; a full flounce of white lace foots the skirt, and both at the head and the edge of the flounce comes a row of black lace embroidered in chenille. The corsage is of the white spotted mousseline, made with a long tail at the back, cut out square at the neck, and profusely trimmed with the black chenille-embroidered lace, which simulates a bolero in the front, then runs down the

full depth of the coat from the shoulder to the edge, and again trims under the arm and three times down the back. On another mousseline-de-soie dress in white, Cluny lace in black was appliqué in the form of square motifs; these were outlined and slightly sprinkled with silver sequins. Fur is also placed upon lace dresses; narrow bands of it are used to outline the design of lace. An evening blouse in thick Irish crochet in black was laid over pink mousseline-de-soie, which formed a frilling round the shoulders and at the elbow-sleeves, and wandering over the whole design was a narrow strip of chinchilla. In another case, a black evening dress of accordion-pleated taffetas had two rows of white lace round the skirt and a deep collar, the bands of which reached to the waist, in the same white lace, with a tiny strip of brown fur bordering the lace everywhere. Embroidery is used more and more. The applications of cretonne are by no means out of date, but are used on a good many evening dresses, and are therefore combined with the embroideries which are produced. The everlasting sequins appear on nearly every gown in the form of embroidery in more or less quantity; it may be only a glint of the tinsel, but there it almost invariably will be. The material of the rest of the embroidery may be most various.

Our Illustrations show a coat in the new fur mentioned here last week, moleskin, and a second coat in a similar sac shape, but made of sealskin and trimmed with sable. Both coats are trimmed with bands of suède, embroidered richly with gold and brown cord. The lady with the seal coat has chosen her hat in a flat shape of sable, trimmed with guipure lace. The other hat is of velvet, with plumes and a diamond buckle. FILOMENA.



SEALSKIN COAT, WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY.



COAT IN THE NEW FUR, MOLESKIN.

autographs of interesting persons, and similar relics, so that it will be of enduring historical interest to the royal family. The Princess has now given permission to the Guild of Women Binders to make a reproduction of the cover to form the frontispiece to a volume entitled "The Bindings of To-morrow," which the Guild has published by private subscription, and the Princess of Wales has also permitted the work to be dedicated to herself.

Lace still holds unbounded popularity, and is considered suitable to appear upon even the thickest dresses. For evening wear it is the highest fashion. The tambour lace of our grandmothers has one of the oldest claims for favour. Some of this, I know, is made in England, so that in buying robes thus worked we may hope that we are carrying out Queen Alexandra's wishes by promoting British industries. It is not, of course, true lace, but is worked with a sort of crochet-hook, with the net stretched in a frame, so that it is not as expensive as needle-made lace. The designs worked upon the net are nevertheless very beautiful and effective, and as they are executed upon the already shaped skirt, the patterns come just where they should do for grace. Another lace which is very much used for the same purpose is that known as Luxeuil. This, again, is not so costly as needle-run lace; it is composed in considerable part of braid, joined together with lace stitches, and brought up with appliqué of stitchery also; it is therefore somewhat dearer than Tambour work, but it does not approach in excellence or in cost anything that is wholly the product of the human hand. Even Irish crochet, though far from being costly as needleworked lace, is comparatively expensive. This is frequently sold under the name of

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ORONS IN NIGERIA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER.



A MARKET CANOE ON THE CROSS RIVER.



A FINE OF GOATS LAYED FOR STOPPING THE MAIL ROAD.



AN OPENING IN THE BUSH ON THE MAIL ROAD TO AFFAH ARKAT: CARRIERS WITH THE ORON EXPEDITION.



PRISONERS PREPARING TO EMBARK ON STERN-WHEEL LIGHTER
AT IDNA OTON, ON THE CROSS RIVER.



ONE OF THE SMALL NIGERIAN COWS BROUGHT IN AS
PART OF A FINE.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ORONS IN NIGERIA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER.



NATIVE TROOPS IN BRITISH SERVICE CROSSING A SWAMP ON THE MAIL ROAD NEAR AFFAH ARKAI.

THE PURCHASE OF THE BORGHESI COLLECTION BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.



THE ADORATION.—LORENZO DI CREDI.



THE HOLY FAMILY.—BOTTICELLI.



SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.—TITIAN.

For which Prince Borghese has had to refuse 5,000,000 lire. The gross value of the collection has been estimated at no less than 10,000,000 lire, or £400,000 sterling.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—RAPHAEL.

THE famous collection of Old Masters in the Borghese Palace at Rome is to be purchased by the Italian Government for the sum of 3,600,000 lire, which has been voted for the purpose out of the public funds. The collection includes the most renowned examples of Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, Raphael, Pinturicchio, and many other masters. Titian's extraordinary work popularly known as "Sacred and Profane Love," though this is certainly a misnomer, is the most valuable in the gallery. For this canvas alone Prince Borghese has been offered the sum of 5,000,000 lire, and he made a proposal that he should give his entire collection except the Titian for nothing, on condition that he might sell this picture abroad. The Government, however, would not agree.



THE ENTOMBMENT.—VAN DYCK.



AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S.

DESIGNED BY H. B. WILKINSON, R.A. AND R. A. WILKINSON, R.A.

THE PURCHASE OF THE BORGHESE COLLECTION BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.



MADONNA AND CHILD.—RAFFAELLO (FRANCIA).



ST. SEBASTIAN.—PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA.



ST. CATHERINE.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.



A SIBYL.—GUIDO CAGNACCI.



THE CARMELITE CONVENT IN THE AVENUE DE MESSINE, PARIS.



THE CARMELITE CHAPEL IN THE AVENUE GAMBETTA AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE SEQUEL TO THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS ACT: CONVENTS TO LET OR FOR SALE.



THE KAISER'S ARRIVAL IN THE CASTLE GARDENS FOR THE CEREMONY.



MILITARY CLERGY BEFORE THE ALTAR OF DRUMS.



HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II. AND THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA ON THE PARADE GROUND.

THE SWEARING-IN OF RECRUITS OF THE BERLIN GARRISON BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON NOVEMBER 23.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSCHÜTZ, BERLIN.

THE INSURRECTION IN COLOMBIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AN OFFICER READING A GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATION.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Royal Georgie. By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Angel. By B. M. Croker. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Francesca Raibolini, called Francia. By George C. Williamson, Litt. D. (London: G. Bell. 5s.)
Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, 1625-1678: Her Family and Friends. By Charlotte Fell Smith. (London: Longmans, Green. 18s.)
To the South Polar Regions. By Louis Bernacchi. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 12s.)
War Notes. The Diary of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. Translated by Frederick Lees. (London: A. and C. Black. 5s.)
Alcoholism: A Study in Heredity. By G. Archdall Reid, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E. (London: Fisher Unwin.)
To-day with Nature. By E. Kay Robinson. (London: Grant Richards 6s.)

Even a great reputation has its drawbacks—not only does it require to be sustained, but it becomes, in course of time, difficult to surpass, or to surprise a public accustomed to expect a certain order of merit. Had “*Royal Georgie*” been Mr. Baring-Gould’s first instead of, speaking approximately, his seventy-first volume, we venture to think that it would have excited more attention. The story of the fascinating and wilful young lady who is assumed to have been the natural daughter of George IV. is interesting from the first page to the last: a certain maturity of judgment and a complete grasp of detail betrays the finished craftsman at every turn. Skillfully interwoven with the dramatic narrative, we have many a sidelight on the customs and superstitions of the Devon peasant-folk, while a shrewd and genial humour, most welcome in these pessimistic days, enlivens many a situation. Truly, Mr. Baring-Gould’s right hand has not lost its cunning. *Royal Georgie*, barely educated, untowardly situated, full of vagaries and whimsicalities, is a most forcible young woman, and she “gaes through ither,” as they say in the North, before she comes to her own. There is a modern note about the latter part of the story which jars at first. The old lady who lived to spare her domestics, and had for her secondary aim the reinstallation of the Jews in Palestine, seems a little in advance of her time. But presumably human nature was human nature in the early years of the last century, and, in any case, she adds vastly to the humour of the situation, which is undeniably in her favour.

We confess that we like Mrs. Croker best when she confines herself to the simple idyll. “*Angel*,” which is her latest volume, runs on very ordinary lines; the fun is not always spontaneous, and there is a good deal of superfluous padding, under which latter heading we include most of the doings of the fascinating widow. Evidently Mrs. Croker would endorse Tony Weller’s historic injunction, “Beware of vidders, Samivel.” Having said so much, we may turn with a lightened mind to Mrs. Croker’s many undeniable qualities, not the least of which is to be found in her easy and fluent narrative power, and in a certain unforced tenderness for weak and helpless creatures—a sentiment with which she liberally endows her hero. The opening chapters, in which we make the acquaintance of the small and desolate “*Angel*,” would rank with Mrs. Croker’s best work but for the somewhat uncanny and unchildlike characteristics with which the little heroine is credited. She was more imp than angel in these early days, and remained wonderfully human to the last. The husband is not quite satisfactory. Even although he is a model of the virtues, we fail to see why he and his wife should require to be precipitated into an overwhelming flood, on the roof of a wooden shanty, before he could say “I love you” with a proper amount of fervour. He adds that he prefers to die with her rather than to live with the bewitching Lola, his first love. Providence intervenes in the form of a tree, and we leave them prepared to live happily “ever after.”

A particularly valuable addition to the “Great Masters” Series is that which the editor himself makes in this volume on Francia. Dr. Williamson has here, under his careful yet enthusiastic hand, a master who has found fewer biographers than perhaps any other painter of equal eminence. In Italy he was written about so long ago as in 1630, but less as time went on. Vasari’s account is familiar to English readers as well as to Italian, but otherwise Dr. Williamson has almost to himself the ground very slightly gone over twenty years ago by Mrs. Ady. Much has appeared since then; and Dr. Williamson did well to go to Bologna, where he made extracts from Oretti’s manuscript, gathered information about Perugino’s visit to that city, identified the scenery in Francia’s canvases, and learned the story of the painting of the picture now at Chantilly, of the Buonvisi picture in the National Gallery, and of the jewel made by Francia. Dr. Williamson’s preface, containing the promise of these things, is borne out by the body of his work. Forty pictures accompany the letterpress, and illustrate the master fairly and fully, the most beautiful of them being the Manzuoli altarpiece and the Scappi altarpiece. An interesting chapter is devoted by Dr. Williamson to “Music and Colour.”

Miss Fell Smith has produced one of the most complete historical biographies published during recent years. Apart from its wider interest, and from the fact that the volume gives for the first time a really complete and accurate literary portrait of Mary, Countess of Warwick—a woman whose remarkable personality left so deep an impression on her admirers that references to her are constantly to be met with in seventeenth-century Diaries and Letters—the writer has rendered a true service to those who, from historical or simply sentimental reasons, are concerned with the social history of Essex. The delightful country-house where Miss Fell Smith’s heroine spent the greater part of her not uneventful life is within quite a short distance of Dunmow, and one of the best chapters in the book is that devoted to “delicious Leeze,” now familiar to all lovers of Essex as the beautiful, though more or less ruined, Leigh’s Priory; while valuable also, from the local

point of view, are the chapters dealing with the seventeenth-century Essex clergy and Essex worthies who were the Countess of Warwick’s dear neighbours and friends. The daughter of the famous first Earl of Cork, founder of the Irish branch of the Boyle family, Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, came of the best possible stock, and she herself was not the least notable of a large family—Lord Cork’s five sons and seven daughters, to wit—who in due course became the founders and forebears of innumerable noble houses. To those who only know Miss Fell Smith’s heroine through her strange



CHARLES RICH.

BORN, SEPT. 1, 1643; DIED, MAY 10, 1664.

Reproduced from “*Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*,” by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green.

and intensely devout “*Diaries*” and “*Meditations*,” first published some sixty years ago, there is something almost startling in the vivid account here given of her long courtship, stolen love-making, and runaway marriage, all of which took place when she, as Lady Mary Boyle, was still under sixteen. Miss Fell Smith naturally makes ample use of the “*Diaries*” and “*Meditations*,” but she incorporates only those passages which have a distinct bearing on the narrative; and even those readers who have little or no sympathy with the side therein revealed of the Countess of Warwick will find a great deal to interest and instruct them.

Though Mr. Louis Bernacchi’s share in the expedition which Sir George Newnes financed “*To the South Polar*

upwards of ninety miles an hour, as recorded by the instruments before they succumbed to the fury of the tempests. After reading the author’s account of one of the worst, in which everything movable was blown away past recovery, we cordially agree with him that “nothing more appalling than these frightful winds, accompanied by tons of drift snow from the mountains above, can be imagined.” Mr. Bernacchi deserves credit for having made so readable a book out of experiences so utterly dreary. Established in their log huts, the party had little or nothing to do beyond recording the readings of their scientific instruments and cooking. Animal life is but poorly represented in the Cape Adare region, seals, penguins, and skuas being the only terrestrial creatures found in this desolate land. Fishing through a hole cut in the ice proved such cold and unprofitable work that idleness was voted preferable. Occasional excursions were made with the sledges, for which dogs had been brought from Siberia, but these produced far more in the shape of discomfort and hardship than in scientific result: so desolate is this region of ice and snow there was nothing to observe that could not be better observed in camp. On resuming the voyage, Mr. Borchgrevink, with a small sledge-party, succeeded in reaching a point nearer the Pole than did Sir James Ross, from the most southerly shore of Ross Sea. The illustrations from the author’s photographs are excellent.

There is something genuinely pathetic in the “*War Notes*” of the brave and ill-fated knight-errant who threw in his lot with the Boer of his mistaken ideal. The process of disillusionment which began as soon as he joined the forces on the Tugela was steady, sure, and to so keen a soldier, heart-breaking. Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil’s early hopes whether, after all, he should be able to do much to help Generals who gave him “only approbation, never a decision,” and men who would not attack, whatever their opportunities, were rapidly dissipated; and he also found reason to correct his estimate of the British, of whose tactics and strategy he had conceived a very low opinion. It is a pity that those pages of the diary which relate to Paardeberg were lost; but the book as it stands gives a most vivid idea of the Boer peculiarities—good and bad—from the soldier’s standpoint.

Dr. Reid is already known to the reading public as the author of works on human evolution. In “*Alcoholism*” he treats the problem of drunkenness from a strictly scientific point of view. He also deals with it from the point of view of the evolutionist, and practically assumes that acquired characters cannot be inherited. As far as Dr. Reid’s argument is carried out, however, he does not maintain, apparently, that the effects of parental drunkenness may not be handed on, for, in a chapter marked by much plain-spokenness (as also is his last), he argues for the abolition of alcoholism by preventing drunkards from transmitting the tendency to succeeding generations. This, at least, is a remedy people can understand and appreciate: whether the world is ready to endorse Dr. Reid’s views on this point is quite another thing. But he is a man in deadly earnest, who leaves the reader in no doubt regarding his views on great questions of social reform. His last chapter is full of drastic facts such as may well cause thinking persons to consider how far the *laissez faire* doctrines and practices of certain parties may be permitted to exist without entailing serious injury, both of moral and physical kind, to the State. This is a work to be read by all who have the consideration of great social problems at heart.

So many people are interested in our fields and lanes, woods and marshes, that on this account Mr. E. Kay Robinson’s book, “*To-day with Nature*,” is sure to find an audience. The struggle for life has become so intense in our towns that the love of country has returned with redoubled force to a people divorced from it. Our railway companies tell their shareholders pleasant stories of week-end traffic; bicycle and motor-car race from asphalted and wooden pavement to roads the surface of which is protected by broken steam-rolled flints; and many a hostelry that went to sleep when the coach yielded to the railway track has taken a fresh lease of life and prosperity. We cannot all be sportsmen, nor would we if we could; to many people the keenest pleasure the country can afford comes from friendly observation of the furred and feathered world that the sportsman or collector destroys. To all who go countrywards to watch and study, to gain confidence and make friends with bird and beast, Mr. E. Kay Robinson’s book will afford pleasant company. “If I bring the life of any living thing nearer to the sympathy of any human beings,” he writes, “I do well.” This is excellently said; he has accomplished his task. It is matter for congratulation that Mr. Robinson does not accept the stereotyped explanation of certain actions by birds or beasts; he uses his own observation and intelligence. A countryman is often moved to contemptuous laughter by the townsman’s insistence upon certain beliefs that belong to books of doubtful value as a guide to country life. The author does not claim any scientific merit for his work, nor is there any; but the book is one to stimulate research in wood, lane, and meadow, and encourage a proper observation of the wild life that surrounds the visitor to the country. The things Mr. Robinson has seen and recorded may be seen by everybody: he has not exhausted the possibilities of his subject, nor dealt at full length with any branch of it. He has something of the spirit that led Gilbert White to write the history that summoned Selborne from its native obscurity; and if any fault is to be found with the book, it is with treatment rather than subject. Mr. Robinson’s style leaves something to be desired—a little extra revision would have given his volume a more enduring value.



ANTARCTIC EXPLORER RETURNING FROM TAKING METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS DURING A STORM.

Reproduced from “*To the South Polar Regions*,” by permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Regions” was essentially that of the scientific man, this story of a year’s residence on the Antarctic coast is for popular consumption. The scientific fruits of the expedition are relegated almost entirely to appendices, and in the book proper we have a convincing account of the monotonous daily life led by Mr. Borchgrevink and his nine companions when the *Southern Cross* left them on that singularly uninviting shore at Cape Adare. They were landed on March 1, 1899, and the ship returned for them on Jan. 28, 1900. A more dreary spot in which to pass eleven months could not be conceived. The extreme cold of the winter, which lasts from May to November, and which includes seventy-two days of darkness—one week more than the Arctic winter—was not the worst. This region is subject to terrific and frequent wind-storms, the velocity of the wind reaching



POINSETT'S LIZARD FROM TEXAS.



THE LESSER HORNED LIZARD FROM AMERICA.

From a popular point of view, the most interesting of the new animals is the Lesser Horned Lizard (*Phrynosoma modestum*), a member of a peculiar group of American lizards, locally known as "horned toads." This name they derive from the shortness of the head and tail, and the number of spikes with which these and the body and limbs are armed. But it is not to their peculiar bodily form and armature that the horned lizards owe their chief interest. The common species (and probably all the others) possesses the extraordinary habit of squirting little jets of blood from its eyes to



COUPER'S SNAKE FROM MARION COUNTY, FLORIDA.

a distance of fifteen inches or more when disturbed. After squirting from one eye, the creature will eject a tiny stream from the other; and the process may be repeated four or five times. The species in the "Zoo" is found from Texas to Oregon and California. The other lizard, Poinsett's Lizard (*Sceloporus torquatus poinsetti*), is the Texan representative of a Mexican species. Couper's Snake (*Coluber corais couperi*) is likewise a local variety of a very widely spread American species, its native home being Florida. It is a distant cousin of our own ringed snake. R. LYDEKKER.

THREE NEW ARRIVALS AT THE REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



HIS MAJESTY'S TEMPORARY RESIDENCE NEAR WINDSOR: FROGMORE HOUSE.

Photo. Russell and Sons, Windsor.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Such topics as dreams, illusions, and hallucinations will always possess a deep interest for mankind, if only by reason of their leading us to that somewhat shady territory which separates fact from fiction and science from superstition. There will always remain a moiety of men in every age who will find in phenomena that merely indicate abnormal action of the brain, evidence of worlds that are only to be explored by the aid of the occult. The raising of spirits, the seeing of ghosts, and other details are regarded by this moiety as things of reality, which are to be approached only through the portals of a supernaturalism with which, of course, science can have no traffic whatever. Even in a cultured age when brain ways, both highways and byways, are being described, investigated and made part and parcel of physiological learning, we find the crude ideas of the Middle Ages surviving. Dr. Dee's famous "crystal," which showed future events to the gazers therein, is paralleled to-day by the magic crystals one sees advertised in the journals devoted to the interests of spiritualism, faith-healing, and other departments of inane psychology. Apparitions and spectres, if not exactly conjured from the vasty deep, are plentifully represented in the lives and experiences of certain individuals; and the haunted house is still extant, not in the Christmas story alone, but as an alleged fact of everyday life.

It has always appeared to me that there is no choice offered anybody in this matter beyond casting in his lot with science, or becoming a disciple of superstition. It is really the parting of the intellectual ways we face here—ways of accounting for curious brain-phases. The superstitious side finds things easy of explanation because everything is mystical, and savours of mediæval lore and belief. The ghost is a ghost from this point of view, and the haunted house is haunted, and there is nothing more to be said. Then the spiritualists step in, and reduce the ghost-idea to a material level, and cause the spirits to rap out messages to their friends, or, indeed, to anybody who will pay the necessary fee for being placed in communication with the alleged nether world. This is simplicity itself. You have "only to believe," and there the matter ends. Science, on the other hand, endeavours to bring the phenomena in question (when they are not fraudulent and when they can be investigated) within its own domain. It tries to classify the facts and to account for them. Not that it is invariably successful, for there are phenomena which we admit are peculiar as a mere matter of evidence. It is the exact value of the testimony that is often as puzzling of determination as are the circumstances revealed by the evidence, and it is true that science has to walk warily, knowing of old that she may be liable to be made the dupe of fools or knaves, or both.

Sir T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., lately delivered an address before the members of the Medico-Psychological Association of London, in which he dealt with superstitious views of the abnormal side of brain-action. He adopted the sound position that visions, apparitions, hallucinations, and illusions were all due to internal brain causes, and had no outside, material, or objective origin. This, of course, is sound science enough. If I see, or think I see, the figure of a deceased friend seated in a chair at my bedside, I know that the image has been projected forward on to my field of sight from the background of my brain. It is due to a purely subjective and internal mode of seeing, just as a ringing in the ears is an allied mode of hearing. If I doubt this, I verify my belief by attempting to touch the apparition, when I find it melts into thin air, or remains while I pass my hands through it. If I press on the ball of my eye so as to throw one eye out of focus with the other—an action which would have the effect of disturbing or doubling the view of any real object—my apparition is not affected. It remains constant and fixed, because, coming from within my head, it is not disturbed by anything which affects vision of things that exist outside my cranium and myself.

Sometimes it has been alleged that two or more people have seen the same spectre, in which case, it is argued, there must have been something real outside both—that is, something that could be independently perceived. Now, this latter assertion comes to be a matter of evidence. We require to know exactly what it was that was independently seen. Again, when we reflect that "suggestion" is a very powerful agent in the case of many persons, and that they will see what somebody suggests they ought to see, we begin to find "a way out" in these cases of so-called multiple ghost-seeing, of which so much is made by the superstitious side. Sir T. Lauder Brunton also dealt with dream-warnings. He need not have wasted his time here. What he did say was that dream-warnings resembled what I call the "stop-clock" action of the brain, which wakes a man accurately in the morning when he has, say, to catch an early train. There is a much simpler explanation. I never yet heard of a dream-warning, so called, which had not a distinct relation to the circumstances of the individual who dreamt.

A man had booked his passage abroad. He dreamt twice that the steamer was wrecked. Animated by his dream, he gave up his berth. The steamer was wrecked. Hence we are told he was "warned" not to sail on that ship. What I want to know is why the other unfortunates who did sail were not warned? And what I suggest is that a man who is voyaging abroad is more than likely to dream of his trip, and as likely to dream he is wrecked as not. And this is the kind of thing sensible people are asked to regard as providential warnings! It certainly commits one to a peculiar theory of providential dealings when one man is saved by a dream and a hundred equally innocent people are allowed to perish. It is clear superstition flounders here worse than ever in the mental swamp into which it has led men for all time.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F R (Fulham).—When you find a solution consisting entirely of checks in a modern problem, you may take one of two things as certain:—(1) that the problem is faulty, or (2) that the solution is wrong.

H W S MORENO (City United Chess Club, Calcutta).—Your solution of No. 2907 is correct; but No. 2908 is a three-mover, and your ingenious and laborious solution in four is not necessary.

R W S (Leyton).—You do not win. Stalemate is a drawn game, notwithstanding your material superiority.

J WATSON (Nottingham).—You would find it difficult to get a copy of either of the books you mention.

J KING.—We are much obliged for the game, but the play on Black's side is so very poor that we could scarcely publish it.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2907 received from H W S Moreno (City United Chess Club, Calcutta); of No. 2908 from C A M (Penang); of No. 2909 from Richard Burke (Teldenya, Ceylon) and C A M (Penang); of No. 3000 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Kampur); of No. 3003 from W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), C E Perugini, J Bryden (Wimbledon), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), H S Brandreth (San Remo), and J Muxworthy (Hook); of No. 3004 from A C von Ernsthause (Oxford), Edward J Sharpe, G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), J Bryden, W Isaac, B O Clark (Wolverhampton), J W (Cambridge), Marco Salem (Bologna), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), E J Winter Wood, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and J Muxworthy.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3005 received from Henry A Donovan (Listowel), T G (Ware), J Muxworthy, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), J Bryden, C E Perugini, F Dalby, J W (Cambridge), Josephine Rowe, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), H S Brandreth (San Remo), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Alpha, W von Beverhondt, Thomas H Knight (Greenwich), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, Major Nangle (Rathmines), Hereward, W D Easton (Sunderland), Unthank, Shadforth, J F Moon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sorrento, Reginald Gordon, G T Hughes (Dublin), F R Pickering, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), W D A Barnard, Uppingham, T Roberts, Edith Corser (Reigate), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Digby Cotes-Predy (Croydon), E J Winter Wood, Sinclair, R Alltree, F W Moore (Frigton), Charles Burnett, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Frank Clarke (Bingham), Albert Wolff (Putney), and H Le Jeune.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3004.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE.

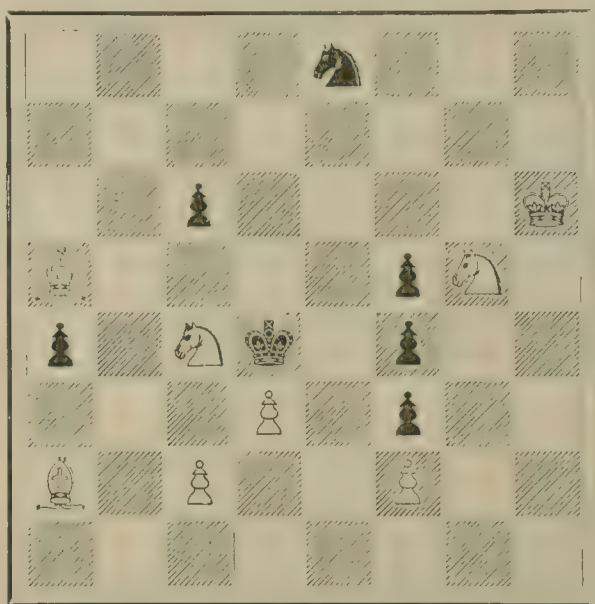
1. Kt to Q B 5th
2. K to Kt sq
3. Q mates.

BLACK.

- R takes Kt
- Any move

PROBLEM No. 3007.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. H. N. PILLSBURY and A. SCHAUER, the former without sight of the board.

(Irregular Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	10. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	11. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
Black should have followed up his novelty by P to Q 4th, giving himself freedom. This is a vital point in all such games, and one most frequently overlooked.		12. Q takes Kt	Q takes Q
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	13. B to R 5 (dis. ch)	K to Kt sq
5. B to B 4th	B to R 5th (ch)	14. B takes Q	P to K R 3rd
6. P to Kt 3rd		15. P to K 5th	Kt to R 3rd
		16. Kt to K 4th	P to Q 4th
		17. B takes B	R takes B
		18. Kt to Q 6th	R to Q Kt sq
		19. B to Q 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
		20. R to B 7th	R to R sq
		21. K takes P	K to R 2nd
		22. Q R to K Kt sq	K R to Kt sq
		23. Kt to B 5th	Resigns.

A variation: similar to one well known in the Cunningham Gambit. It is not bad for Black if properly followed up.

6. Castles P takes P
7. Castles P takes P (ch)
8. K to R sq Kt to K R 3rd

Kt takes R P is threatened, and there is no defence.

CHESS IN CAPE TOWN.

Game played between Messrs. R. INNES and P. HODGES.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. I.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. I.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	10. Castles Q R	B to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. P to R 5th	Q to K sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. P to R 6th	Q R to B 2nd
4. P to K 5th		13. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd
It is usual to play B to K Kt 5th first. Then, if B to K 2nd, 5. P to K 5th, K Kt to Q 2nd; 6. B takes B, Q takes B, etc.		14. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to B sq
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th	15. K to Kt sq	Kt to Q 5th
6. P takes P	P to Q B 4th	16. Kt to B 6th	Kt to K 6 (ch)
7. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. R takes Kt	Kt takes B (ch)
One good effect is to prevent Kt to Kt 5th later; but it was better to develop simply.		18. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 5th
8. Q to Kt 4th	B takes P	19. R (K sq) to R 2	Q to R sq
9. B to Q 3rd	Castles	20. Kt Kt 5th R P	R takes Kt
10. B to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	21. Kt takes R	K takes Kt
11. Kt to B 3rd	R to K sq	22. Q to Kt 5th	Q to K B sq
12. P to K Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	23. B to K 2nd	B to K 5th
13. P takes P	Kt P takes P	24. B to R 5th	Kt to R sq
14. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th	25. R (R 2) to Kt 2	B takes R
15. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B sq	26. R takes B	P to R 4th
16. Q to Kt 2 (ch)	K to R sq	27. B to Kt 6th (ch)	Kt takes B
17. P to K 4th	R to R 2nd	28. Q takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
18. Kt to Kt 3rd	K R to K 2nd	29. Q takes K P	B to R 2nd
19. P to Kt 4th		30. R to Kt 5th	P takes P
		31. R takes P	Q to R sq
		32. P to B 3rd	P to Q 6th (ch)

Probably Kt to K R 5th was better than this weakening his g.n.e. It threatened Kt to B 6th, with an excellent position.

We have received a revised issue of "The Chess-Player's Note-Book," by Mr. Rhodes Marriott, and the good opinions we expressed on its first appearance are fully borne out by this latest edition, in which there are some valuable additions and alterations. The price is one shilling, and the publishers are Messrs. Sheratt and Hughes, 27, Ann Street, Manchester.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

After Reynolds and Gainsborough, Raeburn. In this order of sequence goes that popularity which the monumental volumes published by Mr. Heinemann at once express and confirm. There may be points of issue, points to concede, between the adherents of Reynolds, in his premiership of the British school, and the adherents of Gainsborough. Similarly, between the reputations of Romney and Raeburn is a frontier advancing here and receding there. We need not go into these intricacies of taste and judgment. It is enough glory for the British school to know that while Reynolds and Gainsborough were at work in London, Raeburn, in Edinburgh, was painting portraits hardly less masterly than theirs, and in some ways more characteristic of the time and the environment, because less closely adhering to accepted traditions and inherited conventions.

A very agreeable reunion is that between the reader and Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, whose "Introduction" to "Sir Henry Raeburn," by Sir Walter Armstrong, awakens anew the regret aroused by his untimely death. He opens, just as we should desire, with an allusion to Edinburgh in the days of our grandfathers, the Edinburgh which came to be the city of a Stevenson even more than that of a Raeburn. In the days before railways and the Disruption, a journey from Edinburgh to London "meant as great a displacement as to visit Madrid in our time." That isolation had this effect, among others—that Scotland "spoke its own tongue, moulded and stamped its own great men, admired and followed their leading." That minting has not yet been wholly merged; but in 1756, when Raeburn was born, and in the succeeding years, when the little boy—his father, a miller, being dead—went to school at Heriot's Hospital, and was later apprenticed to an Edinburgh goldsmith, the country—nay, its capital—was to a born Scot the world. Mr. Stevenson does not set much store by early drawings as a sign of predestination to the painter's career; he would have been, we may presume, among the stern fathers who scolded infant genius when it was found defacing with crude designs the mantelpiece and the wall-paper. Instead of throwing the schoolboy Raeburn's scrawls at our heads, he simply says: "Early drawing is based on nothing; generally it means nothing but that opportunity has taught the young monkey a few tricks." This is a hard doctrine, not yet appreciated in young lady's schools, where a constant succession of Rosa Bonheurs may be supposed, from the reports issued to gratified parents, to be in course of maturing.

By the time Raeburn was sixteen, however, he was making miniatures of his friends, and soon took commissions on the understanding that the goldsmith shared the fees. Then came the youth's introduction to David Martin, a fashionable portrait-painter, who had been to London, and who was able to teach Raeburn all that he knew—one might say more than he knew. While Reynolds was saying "with a smile that hurt half of his mouth" that his only bride was his art, Raeburn, at the age of twenty-two, married the widow of one Count Leslie, of Deanhaugh House, situated to the west of Edinburgh. Now rich, Raeburn took a studio in George Street, to be near his sitters. He too went to London on a visit, and saw Sir Joshua, who was all kindness, and allowed him to paint under his guidance for a month, but who said, as was commonly said then, what nobody says now: "Go to Rome." Raeburn went, and in two years' time returned—not pausing in Paris—to Scotland, to become almost at once the most admired painter of his time. Sir John and Lady Clark, Sir Walter Scott, John Wilson, James Mackenzie, Hume, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Hutton, poor Ferguson—all sat to him; as did everybody except Robert Burns, greatest of all, whom he saw, but never had as a sitter.

When his father died, Raeburn, now famous, moved to St. Bernard's House, near to St. Bernard's Well, so that he might live where he was born; and he showed uncommon business faculties in "developing" his property as a building estate. Raeburn Place and other thoroughfares still stand to tell the story. During his whole life he paid only three visits to London, all of them brief ones. Once, for a while, the centralising fever seized him, and he meditated a removal thither, perhaps with an eye to his election to the Academy. No doubt pressure was put; but he withstood it, and was elected all the same, in 1812, as an Associate, becoming a full member three years later. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, the fat, handsome King took a fancy to the bigger, handsomer painter, and knighted him at the house of Sir Alexander Hope at Hopetoun House. A little later—in the year of his death—he was made "his Majesty's limner for Scotland"—of all who have held the title, says Mr. Stevenson, "undoubtedly the greatest." He was working on his last portrait of Sir Walter when he fell under his mysterious illness. "There are two great artists in the Edinburgh of 1823," says Mr. Henley, "and the one does painting the other—a fact, by the way, which remains a subject of affectionate regret to the survivor." Of Raeburn's industry Mr. Caw's exhaustive catalogue, given in this volume, is abundant evidence.

The astonishingly "various" portraits by Raeburn, both on the original canvas and as shown in these reproductions, lead the observer to say of this master that he was at his best in painting old men—see his John Gray of Newholm; but a sight of Mrs. Campbell of Ballimore makes one transpose the sex; and then the young man in Mr. William Ferguson, the child in the portrait of Lady Perth and her daughter, and that group of the three Paterson children, make one claim for him pre-eminence as a portrayer of youth. In short, all these, together with the delectable portrait of Lady Raeburn, go to place Raeburn as one of the greatest portrait-painters "all round" of whom the history of art makes record. Hitherto, by one of those trends of opinion that are difficult to trace back to their origin, Raeburn has been commonly alluded to as a great painter of male portraits in particular. We do not believe that that classification will stand henceforth; and Sir Walter Armstrong's volume will surely accelerate the day of this larger and juster appreciation.



PHASANTS DISTURBED AT THEIR EVENING FEED.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

THE PROGRESS OF BATH.

It has been the fortune of Bath always to be a famous town. The earliest of English poets made it the abiding-place of one of his most quaintly conceived characters, and all down the long page of English literature since Chaucer's time, the city finds continual mention. The eighteenth-century novelists found it irresistible as a setting for the intrigues of their fashionable world, and the playwrights—with Sheridan at their head—were not a whit behind. The nineteenth-century carried on the glorious tradition even, and when nineteenth-century novelists handled eighteenth-century material, the ablest of them all in that department, Thackeray himself, was not slow to recognise the claims of Bath. The novelist also came in person, and at the famous Old White Hart Inn Lord Lytton and Mr. Disraeli used to alight for refreshment. The Pump Room is full of memories recalling that celebrated hautboy-player who devoted all his spare time to natural philosophy, and who at last rose to Astronomer Royal. There Cowper found a shoe-heel on the floor, and was inspired thereby to a poem which he composed on his walk homewards; and there, to recall another poetical association, Byron came as a boy. Bath, although in one sense an old-world place, has by no means stood still, for the town that stands still to-day must be left in the lurch to-morrow. The Town Council and citizens of Bath are at one in their endeavour to make the town attractive, and at the same time to preserve the delicate aroma of what would once have been called "gentility," for the banalities which make the fortune of some watering-places would do the reverse for the Queen City of the West. Within recent years a multitude of improvements have been made. The management of the baths has been entirely remodelled, and everything has

been done to make the appointments effective and luxurious. Throughout the entire city, electric light has been substituted for gas, and among the new buildings with which the city has been decorated is a splendid Guildhall. The architectural embellishments of the town still go on, and the latest addition to its splendours

is the largest, and has undoubtedly the best position of any hotel in Bath. It adjoins the Orange Grove, and looks over the Gardens, which are accessible to visitors of the hotel, while the glimpses obtained of Prior Park, Bathwick, Widcombe, Hampton, and Combe Downs, and the North Parade (where some of the scenes in "The Rivals" take place) are unsurpassed. The hotel can accommodate over two hundred people, and is most beautifully appointed in every respect. There is a splendid inner and outer lounge carefully protected from draughts, and overlooking the river Avon and the Abbey. In addition, there are numerous public rooms containing every comfort of modern life. There is a passenger lift to all floors, so constructed that invalids may be carried into same in their chairs and taken right into the baths. There is electric light in every room; the diet prescribed for invalids has been specially studied; the hotel is heated and ventilated on modern scientific principles; and the sanitation is the most perfect possible. The architect is Major C. Davis.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Limited, the proprietors, essayed to make the Empire Hotel a fashionable rendezvous in every way worthy of the brilliant traditions of Bath, and to this end they enlisted the services of Messrs. Smee and Cobay, to furnish and decorate the interior. The very mention of that firm is a sufficient guarantee that the result would be altogether a success. Their suggestion that

the lounge and public reception-rooms of the hotel should be carried out in various periods of Renaissance Art, and that the 120 or more bed-rooms and sitting-rooms should be furnished in lighter and more delicate modes, was accepted, and the result achieved has proved the wisdom of such choice, for the hotel is a comprehensive study in the art of furnishing.



THE NEW EMPIRE HOTEL, BATH.

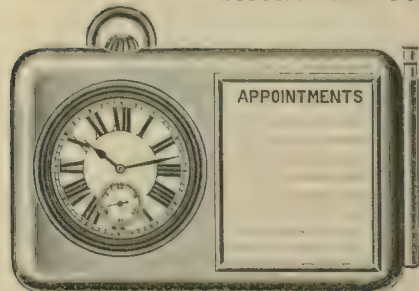
is a palatial hotel which occupies a fine site on the banks of the Avon. The structure, which contains 180 rooms, has been designed so as to combine effect with convenience. The initiative in the great enterprise was taken by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and the execution of the work was greatly aided by Mr. Holland, Director of the company, who has had a large experience in hotel construction. The hotel, which was opened on Nov. 28,

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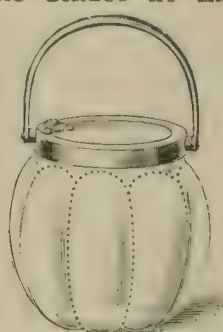
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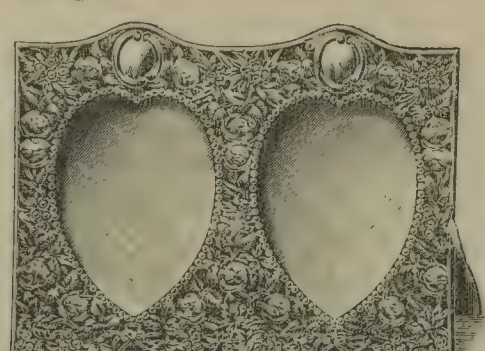
New Automatic Silver-Mounted Glass Preserve Jar, £1 15s.



Oxford Pattern. Registered No. 349,996. Solid Silver Flower Bowl. Diameter 10 inches. Complete, £12. Diameter 8 inches, £7 10s.



Solid Silver Mounted Cut-Glass Scent Bottle, £1. Diameter 4 inches.



New Floral Design. Solid Silver Double Cabinet Frame, Richly Chased and Pierced, £22.

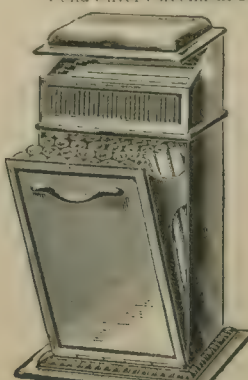
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Solid Silver, beautifully Fluted Scent Bottle, in Morocco Case, complete, 12s. 6d.



Solid Silver Cigarette and Match Box Combination, £3 15s.



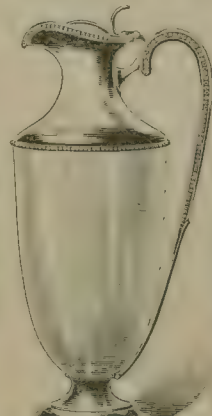
Solid Silver New Octagonal Flower Vase, with Hand-pierced Border, £1 10s. £2 12s. 6d.



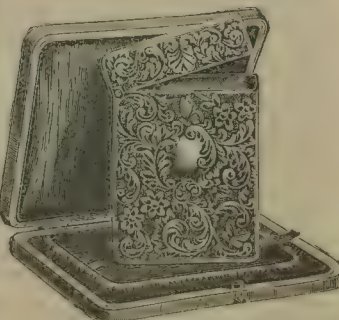
Solid Silver Tazza. Diameter 9 1/2 inches. £8 10s. Smaller Size, £6.



Solid Silver Flower Vase, extra heavy, £1 18s. 6d.



Solid Silver-mounted Plain Glass Claret Jug, with Silver Handle, &c., £5 15s.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1897), with seven codicils (dated Nov. 14, 1898; May 4, Nov. 2, and Dec. 21, 1899; July 4 and Aug. 9, 1900; and March 7, 1901), of Mr. John Anthony Woods, of Benton Hall, Northumberland, who died on Sept. 17, has been proved by William George Woods, Charles Henry Woods, and James Edward Woods, the sons, and William Gibson, the executors,

his sons Arthur Lionel Anthony and Richard Cecil Septimus and their respective wives and children; £15,000 to his son James Edward; £6000 each, upon the trusts of the marriage settlements of his daughters, Mary Elizabeth Maud Knox, Emma Octavia Oliver, and Adeline Olivia Cookson; £4000 each, upon the trusts of the marriage settlements of his daughters, Julia Anne Wise and Charlotte Gertrude Pascoe; and legacies to grandchildren and others. The residue of his

Frederick Barclay, the son, and William Cecil Harris, the executors, the value of the estate being £123,249. The testator gives £10,000, an annuity of £2000, and his furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Rhoda Barclay; £20,000 to his daughter Rhoda Mary Harris, one half payable at once and the other on the death of her mother; £25,000, upon trust, for his son Oscar Francis; and £3000, and any money coming to him, the testator, from the marriage settlement of his mother, to his brother



BOER PRISONERS OF WAR AT AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA: THE ROLL CALL.

About one thousand prisoners of war are quartered at Ahmednagar, and are subject to the usual discipline of the prison camps. This particular camp, like the others, has incurred the criticism of the Pro-Boer party, and many baseless rumours as to its insanitary condition were at one time circulated.

the value of the estate amounting to £293,066. The testator exercises the powers of appointment under his marriage settlement and the will of his father-in-law, Peregrine George Ellison, in favour of his children and grandchildren; and he devises Benton Hall and his estate at Raylees, Elsdon, Northumberland, to his son James Edward. Mr. Woods gives £30,000 each to his sons Charles Henry and Matthew Herbert; £100 to the Fleming Memorial Hospital; £27,000 to his son Christopher Alfred; £25,000 each, upon trust, for

property he leaves, as to £5000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his son William George, and such an annual sum as, with what he will receive under various settlements, will make up his income to £1200 per annum; £20,000 for his son James Edward; and the ultimate residue between his sons Charles Henry, Matthew Herbert, and Christopher Alfred.

The will (dated June 28, 1901) of Mr. Charles Arthur Barclay, of Park Street, Southwark, and Urie, Cannes, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Nov. 22 by Edwyn

the Rev. Charles Wright Barclay. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Edwyn Frederick.

The will (dated July 14, 1899), with two codicils (dated April 19 and Dec. 13, 1900), of Mr. David Plenderleath Sellar, of 68, Prince's Gate, S.W., 2, Prince's Street, E.C., and Calcot Park, near Reading, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Nov. 21 by Mrs. Augusta Sellar, the widow, Horace Peel, and Thomas Fraser, the executors, the value of the estate being £91,016. The testator gives his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., and the income of

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New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair Ornament, set with Choice Brilliants, £67 15s.



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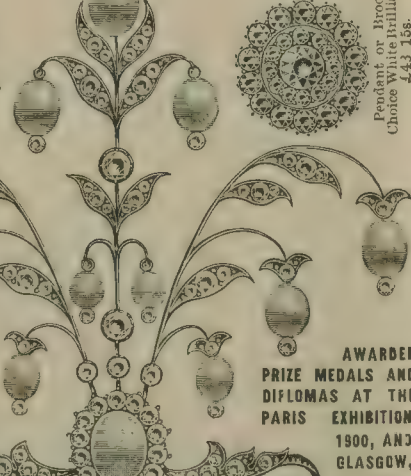
Diamond Pheasant Scarf Pin, £4 4s. smaller size, £3 3s. All Gold, £1 15s.



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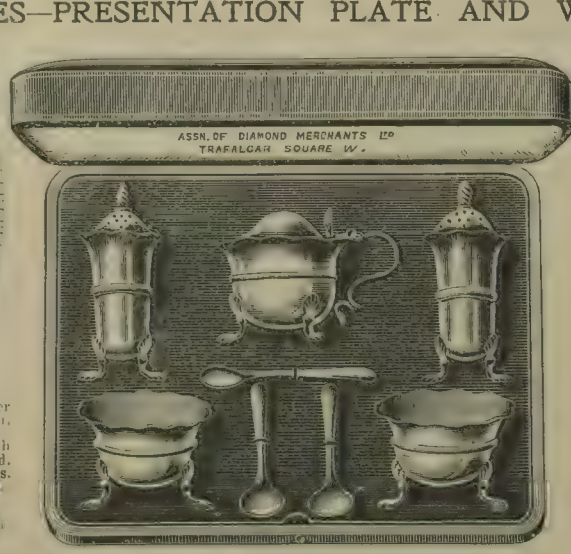
AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900; AND GLASGOW, 1901.



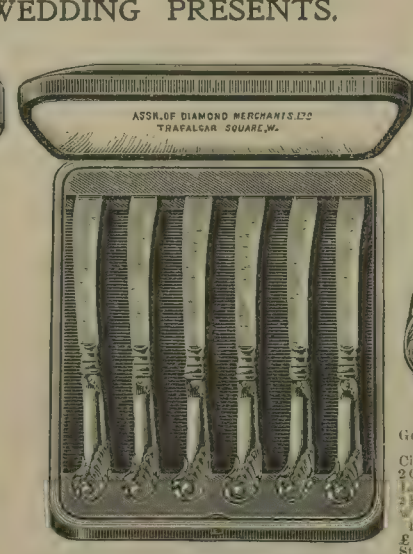
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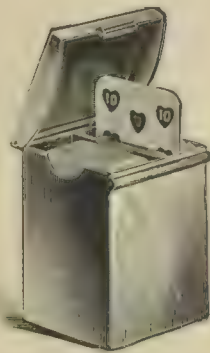


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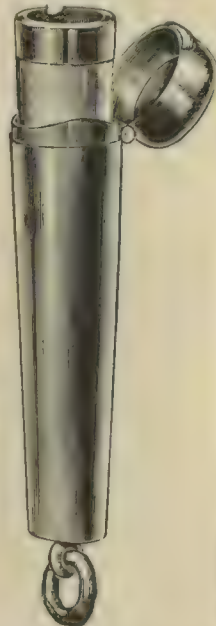
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£5000 to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth to the trustees of Mrs. Sellar's marriage settlement; £1000 per annum, upon trust, for his son David Plenderleath Sellar; and the remainder, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay the income thereof to his children John, George, Norrie, Constance, and Adèle Léonide. On the decease of Mrs. Sellar, the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children except his daughter Mary Rennie, who is provided for.

The will (dated July 5, 1898), with a codicil (dated July 25 following), of Lieutenant-General William Hardy, C.B., of 7, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 22 by Mrs. Matilda Hardy, the widow, and Captain Edwin Greenwood Hardy, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £54,587. The testator gives £500, and his household furniture and personal effects, to his wife; and legacies to servants. Subject thereto, his property is to be held, on trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life and then for his son.

The will (dated June 13, 1901), with a codicil (dated June 29 following), of the Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham, of Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland, who died on July 27, was proved at the Durham

District Registry on Nov. 11 by the Rev. Frederick Brooke Westcott, the son, and the Rev. Edward George King, D.D., the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £54,640. The testator bequeaths his prizes, medals, and the silver inkstand presented to him by his Cambridge pupils, to his eldest son; any books and prints relating to Auckland Castle and the Diocese of Durham to his successor; any money standing to the account "K. M." at his bankers, and a mortgage for £420, to the Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund; and legacies to servants. The residue he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 6, 1897), of Mr. St. Vincent Peel, J.P., D.L., of Danyralt, Carmarthen, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Nov. 23 by Herbert Peel and Walter Spencer Peel, the cousins, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £52,617. The testator gives all his household and personal articles to his wife, Mrs. Evelyn Peel, and the income of his residuary estate. Subject thereto, his property is to go to his children, and in default of issue, on trust for his cousin George Nevile Peel for life, and then for his son Vivian. He appoints that on the death of the survivor of himself and his brother and sister, and in the event of failure of issue of himself and his brother and

sister, the settled Danyralt estates are to be held on trust for Henry Peel, second son of his cousin William Peel.

The will (dated June 29, 1899) of Mr. George Christie Turnbull, of Highclere, High Barnet, and 27, Leadenhall Street, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 26 by Mrs. Mary Hannah Turnbull, the widow, and Alexander Bryce Kirkpatrick, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £32,403. The testator gives £200 and the household furniture to his wife; an annuity of £75 to his half-sister, Elizabeth Maria Turnbull; and £50 to Mr. Kirkpatrick. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or an annuity of £500 should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1901) of Lieutenant-General Sir John William Cox, K.C.B., of 26, South Parade, Southsea, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 21 by Colonel Frederick William Harington, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £22,661. The testator gives all his jewels, medals, decorations, and silver, and the tithe rent-charge of the parish of Inistiogne, Kilkenny, to his son, Major William Charles Cox. The residue of his property is to be equally divided between his children.

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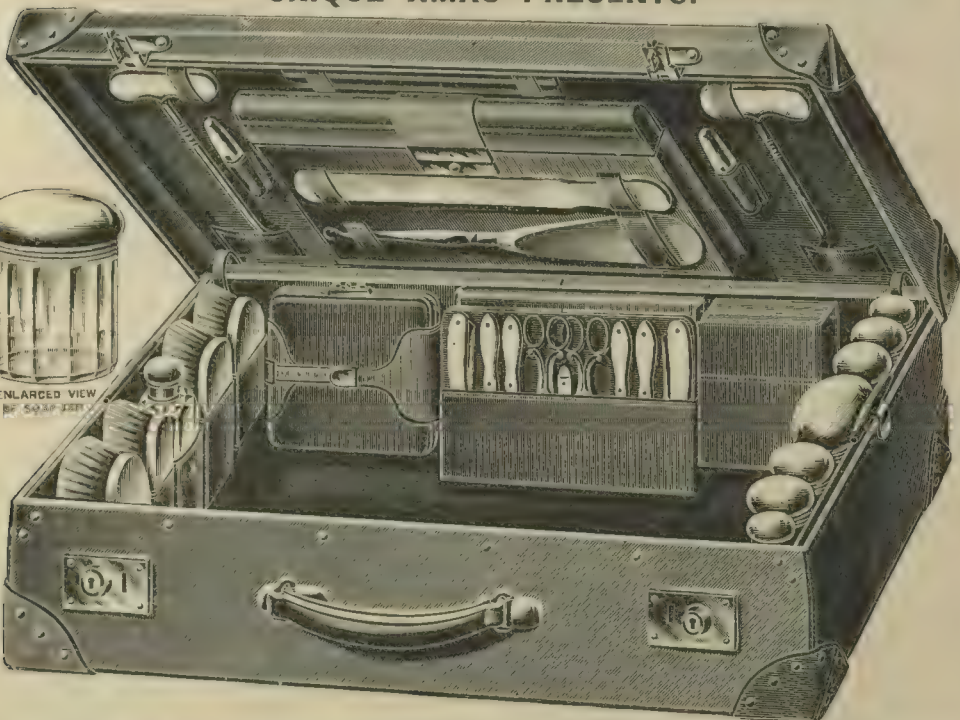
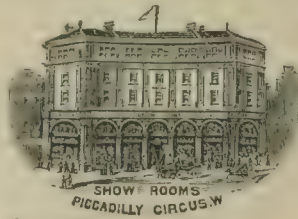
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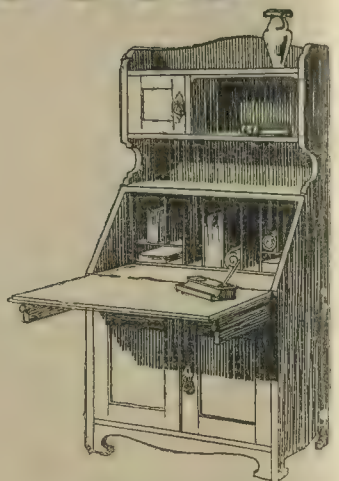
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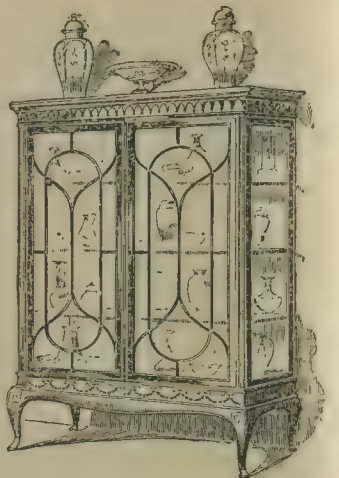
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Table	0 12 6	Mahogany Inlaid	
Show Case Tables,		Toilet Glasses ...	1 1 0
Mahogany	1 13 6	Mahogany Inlaid	
Card Tables, Enve-		Triplet Mirrors ...	3 15 0
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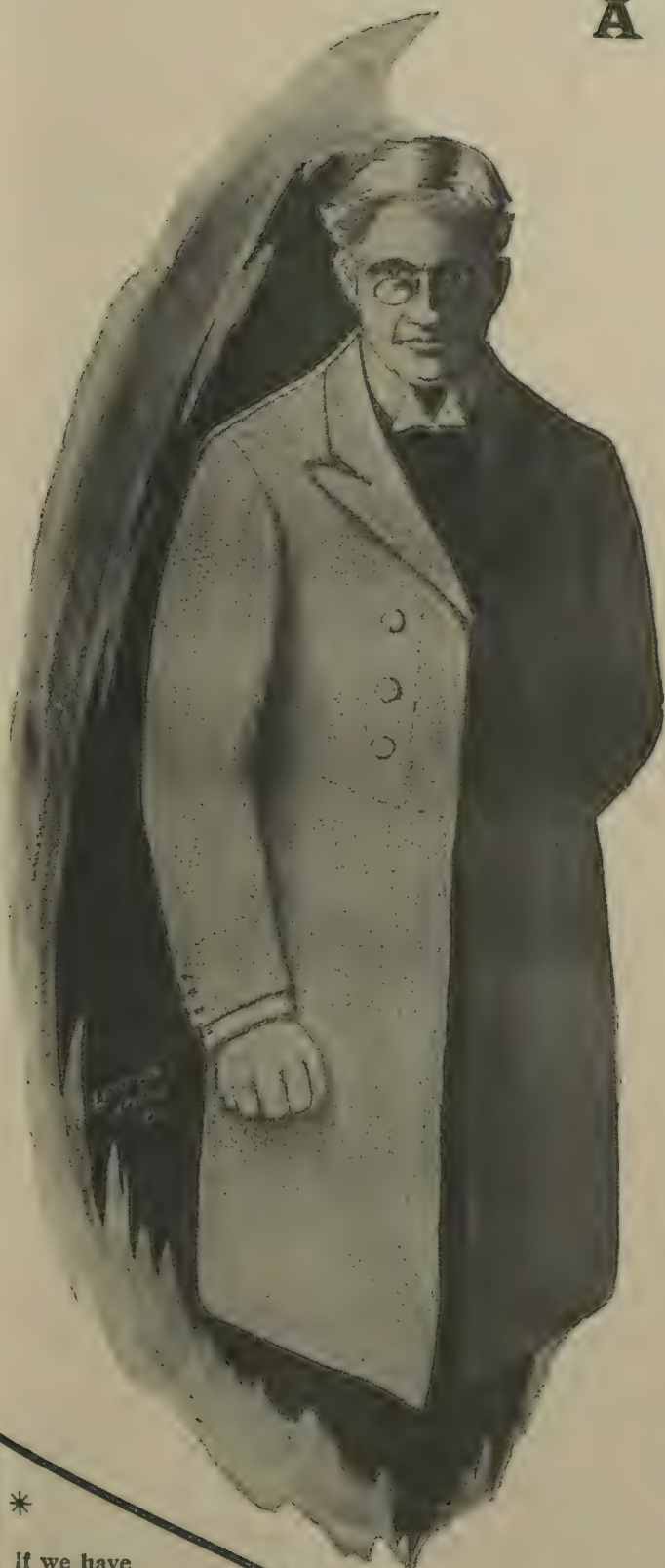
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LACTOPEPTINE

A MEDITATION ON TOBACCO.

To judge by the announcements of the publishers, we are in the midst of a revival of tobacco literature, and the smoker will have himself to blame if he is not grounded in the lore and history of his "weed." The writer on tobacco generally has the curiosity and the enthusiasm of his subject. His book is a great repository of fact, a crowded storehouse of information, concerning "the plant of wondrous feature"; and when we have gone through it we emerge convinced, if indeed we ever doubted it, that tobacco is, for good or ill, one of the greatest of the world's institutions. The author himself has no qualms about it being for ill. "It soothes pain, consoles sorrow, softens grief, and heightens joy." Such for example, is the comprehensive testimonial of Mr. Penn, in his volume on "The Sovereign Herbe" (Grant Richards). For him, as for Isaac Barrow, his pipe is his panpharmakon. He puts to rout all who, as William Barclay wrote, "Do this plant with odious crimes disgrace, And call the poore Tobacco homicid." Persons of the anti-smoking persuasion have always been plentiful since "Philaletes" issued his "Work for Chimney-Sweepers; or, A Warning for Tobacconists" (so the smokers, not the vendors, of tobacco were termed in the seventeenth century), and James I. his "Counterblaste." "Foretells the life and kills man in the seed, It smoketh, blacketh, burneth all the brain, It dries the moisture treasure of the life." Thus Barclay recounts the arguments of the anti-tobacco leaguers of his day. Blackened brains was a favourite

bogey; something like the threat of stunted growth held to-day over the heads of small boys suspected of nicotine enterprise. The latest denunciation of tobacco comes from Tolstoy, who declares that men smoke simply and solely to drown the voice of conscience. For that and all the other *anti* arguments the enthusiast like Mr. Penn has an answer. Yet is he not unmindful of the dangers of excess, and he would have each smoker impose upon himself a statute of limitation. "Place a limit on your pipe," he says. "If, for instance, you smoke four ounces a week, you should resolve never to smoke more than half a pound a week." Stoic resolution, truly!

The triumphant progress of tobacco is remarkable. At one end we picture Jean Nicot presenting his tobacco-seeds to Catherine de' Medici; at the other the nations to-day smoking furiously, the Dutchmen in the van with 7 lb. per head per annum. Our own place on the list is very near the bottom, with 1.34 lb. per head; but to moderate our consciousness of national virtue is the fact that the consumption with us is increasing rapidly. This is due to the popularity of the cigarette, first publicly smoked in London, it has been said, by Laurence Oliphant, who learned the habit in Russia and Turkey. Light-coloured tobacco, indeed, is the favourite to-day, for the pipe even, and has ousted, not for the better, we suspect, the fine, deep-brown, full-flavoured Virginia of old.

The social vicissitudes of tobacco among ourselves make a curious and interesting story. The pipe was in fullest blast in Queen Anne's reign, when (to quote "The Sovereign Herbe") "all England inspired the

fragrant fume." The result was a reaction—not from tobacco, indeed, but from the pipe. Cigars and the cigarette were not known then, and fashion took to the snuff-box. By 1773, Dr. Johnson was declaring that "smoking had gone out." It came in again, it seems, after the Crimean War, in which our officers copied the habit from their French and Turkish allies. The commonality had been puffing all the time, so that the way was easy back to all England "inspiring the fragrant fume." Still, it was not until 1868 that smokers had carriages reserved for them on the railway. They are heard to complain that they are not free from intrusion even now.

Singular to say, tobacco has inspired a small body of literature only, if we except polemical blasts and counter-blasts. Shakspeare has no mention of it. Indeed, Lord Byron would seem to be the only immortal who has sung it. In his eulogy on sublime tobacco in "The Island," he distinguishes between the various "forms for the assumption," and gives the palm to the cigar. Mr. W. G. Hutchison, whose "Lyra Nicotiana" is the best anthology of tobacco verses, deplors that from the three greatest poets of our generation nothing can be quoted. Mr. Swinburne, it appears, has an aversion from the weed. He must be an exception, however, if they are right who trace the amicable connection between tobacco and genius. The humble smoker, according to them, delights to remember that in the pipe he and the great men of earth share the same pleasure; that, in fact, they are brothers of the same clay.

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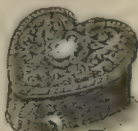
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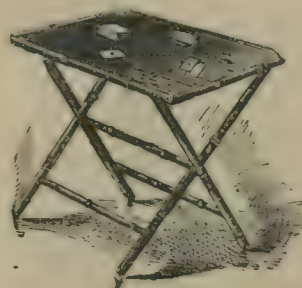
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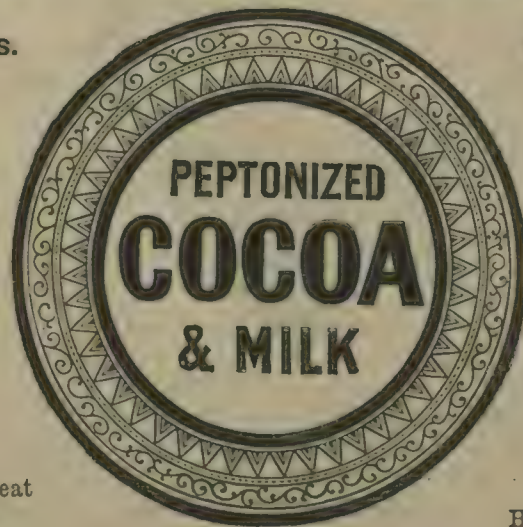
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CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.

Babies nowadays seem to be more studied than their elders, but it must be admitted that in many of the books for babes now before us, children of a larger growth should be included. Exceedingly charming and really original, both as regards drawings and verses, is the happily named "Bedtime Book" (Grant Richards), both illustrations and text being by Mrs. Ernest Ames, whose "Tremendous Twins" was quite one of the successes of a former Christmas season. Mrs. Ames has hit on a pretty idea: that of a little child asleep dreaming of all his waking friends, from Little Jack Horner to Baa Baa Black Sheep, visiting him in turn and taking him through Wonderland. The Misses Upton give their young readers another of the clever and original Golliwogg series, entitled "The Golliwogg's Auto-Go-Cart" (Longmans, Green), which no doubt will be equally as popular as those which have preceded it, and which certainly ought to be included in the library of all little people. In "The Adventures of a Japanese Doll" (Grant Richards), Henry Mayer tells what "Ting-a-Ling" saw and the amusing people she met while visiting many different countries. Among the exceedingly pretty books for little folks may be mentioned "Flower Legends," by Hilda Murray (Longmans, Green),

picturesquely illustrated by J. S. Eland, many of the legends being particularly quaint and pretty. In "Proverbial Sayings" we come across "some old friends in new dresses," by Gordon Browne (Wells, Gardner, Darton), printed by Edmund Evans.

Under a new cover we recognise an old friend "Goody Two Shoes," which also includes the stories of "Aladdin" and "The Yellow Dwarf," with the original illustrations in their brilliant colouring by Walter Crane, printed by Edmund Evans (John Lane). "The Green Cat: A Castle-in-the-Air," by S. Ashton (Simpkin, Marshall), gives some amusing adventures of Peggy and Jill. The volume is beautifully illustrated by Dorothy Furniss, and, as in the case of "The Cuckoo," will be quite as amusing to rather older children as to only really little people. In "The Animals of Æsop" (Sampson Low), Joseph Mora has adapted Æsop's Fables. It is profusely and well illustrated, and makes a handsome present. Another book devoted to the subject of beasts is "The Animal Book" (Blackie), enriched with good illustrations by F. Specht. Æsop's Fables are always in favour, and Elizabeth Eyears tells "Æsop's Fables in Verse" (Elliot Stock) for the amusement of her little readers. In Mrs. Molesworth's "The Blue Baby and Other Stories" (T. Fisher Unwin) we find a collection of pretty little tales for pretty little people.

Among the nursery rhymes may be included "Gammon and Spinach," by John Brymer (Blackie), fully illustrated with coloured pictures by Stewart Orr; "The Olde Irishe Rimes of Brian O'Linn" (Macmillan), illustrated by S. Rosamond Praeger; and "Nonsense Verses," by Walter Jerrold (Blackie). "Topsy-Turvy Tales; or, The Exception Proves the Rule," by S. H. Hamer (Cassell), has some clever illustrations by H. B. Neilson. "The Bairn Books," by Walter Copeland (Dent), are two tiny volumes, inclosed in a cardboard case, for tiny bairns, the illustrations being quaint and amusing. Among the babes' books published by Messrs. Nelson we notice "The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories"; and also a series of which "Up to London to See the King," "For the Flag," and "Children of the Empire" will undoubtedly be the most popular. Messrs. Dean have issued a book which will give great amusement to many children, as it not only contains pictures to be painted, but also a paint-box and palette, and instructions as to the mixing of the colours. They have also published several series, notably the Gem Series, the Reward for Merit Series, and the Diploma Series; while in their "Advance, Australia!" the Colonies are not forgotten; and "The Rulers of the Sea" portrays vividly the flags and ships of various nations.

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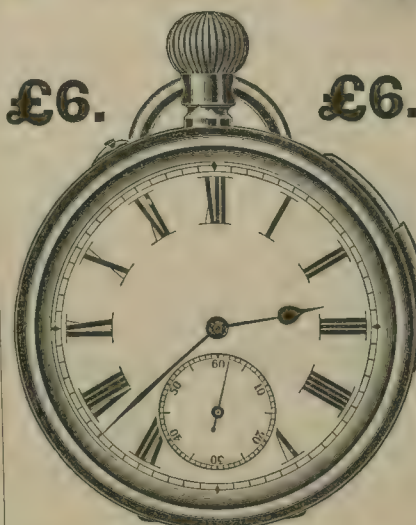
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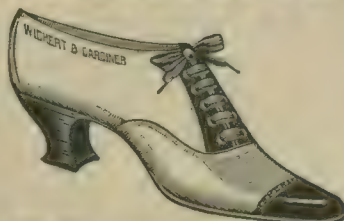
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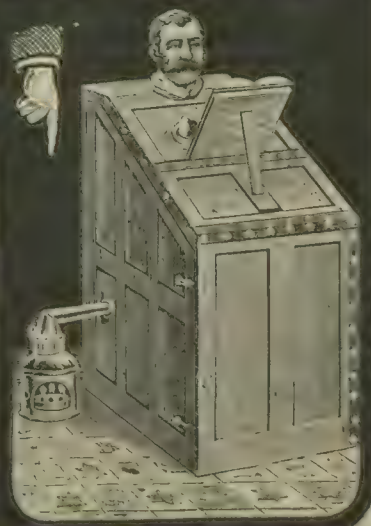
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MUSIC.

At the Queen's Hall on Nov. 27 M. Ysaye seemed to have too limited a field for his remarkable powers in Handel's Sonata in A major. The playing of Tschaiakowsky's Trio in A minor, dedicated to the memory of Nicholas Rubinstein, was full of fire and delicacy, and the performers showed a thorough appreciation of the Russian folk-songs on which the work is grounded. Herr Becker revived a violoncello sonata by Marcello, a contemporary of Handel. His playing won him very hearty recognition. The honours of the concert, however, lay with Signor Busoni in his truly magnificent interpretation of Liszt's "Mazeppa."

When an impresario multiplies the difficulties of a great conductor by two, it is undeniable that that conductor's ability is put to no slight strain. Despite the sacrifices in sheer delicacy and refinement of tone which Mr. Henry Wood has had to make owing to the augmentation of his orchestra for Mr. Newman's Festival performances at the Albert Hall, it must be confessed that his handling of two hundred performers has not imperilled his reputation. It is more than

possible, indeed, that, given sufficient time under Mr. Wood's bâton, the Festival Orchestra will at any rate equal in excellence the smaller Queen's Hall band. The first part of the second concert of the Festival Orchestra at the Albert Hall on Nov. 30 was slightly disappointing, as the conductor seemed overweighted, and one became apprehensive for the Good Friday music from "Parsifal" which was to come; but the playing of that extraordinary number was a surprise and a revelation, and the same may be said of the remaining pieces. Miss Marie Brema, who should have sung, was prevented by illness, but her place was taken at the last moment by Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who gave Wotan's "Abschied" and an excerpt from "The Flying Dutchman."

On Tuesday, Nov. 26, Mr. Robert Newman gave an evening Symphony Concert, which did not attract the large audience that the excellence of the programme deserved. Mr. Wood conducted, and the solo instrumentalist, Herr Hugo Becker, played brilliantly in a Saint-Saëns concerto for the violoncello and orchestra. The concerto was first produced in 1873 at a Paris Conservatoire concert, and is full of ingenious orchestration. The exquisite "Pathétique" Symphony of

Tschaiakowsky followed. Herr Becker played as solo an "Elfentanz" of Popper, and the concert finished with the flamboyant military marches of Dr. Elgar.

Signor Busoni gave a recital at the Queen's Hall on Friday, Nov. 29, in which he displayed some very earnest and brilliant work. While sympathising with the managers of the Queen's Hall in their regard for the audience and performers by excluding the late comers even at the beginning of a long concerto or movement, they might well go one step further, and keep their passages quiet. The pianist also played a brilliant transcription by his own pen of Bach's "Chaconne," and the sonata-fantasia of Liszt. In Chopin's sonata, including the "Marche Funèbre," Signor Busoni's genius of delicacy and interpretation showed to greatest advantage.

The fourth and last Ballad Concert of the season before Christmas took place at the St. James's Hall on Nov. 27 with the usual varied and excellent programme. Only one disappointment arose—from the illness of Madame Lilian Eldée. Madame Alice Gomez is especially to be commended for her magnificent rendering of the song

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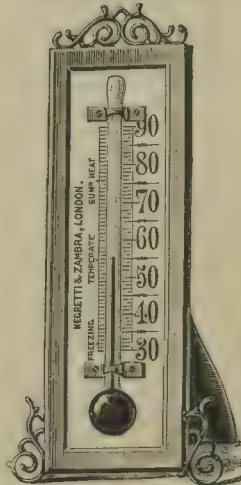
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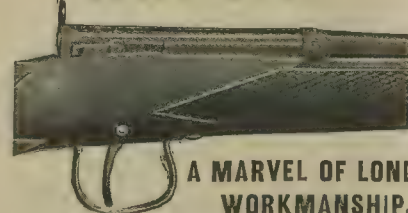
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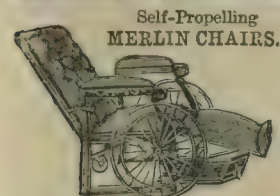


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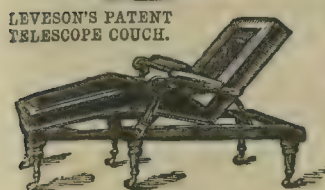
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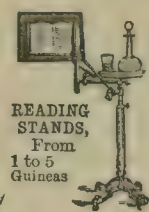
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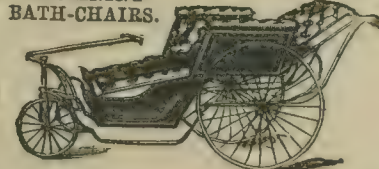
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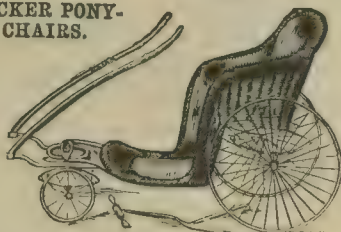
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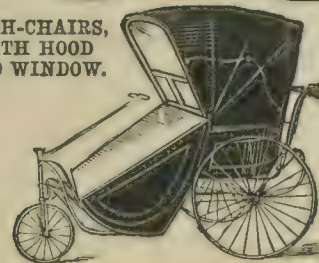
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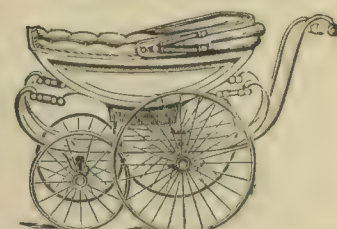
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"O, dry those tears," by Teresa del Riego. Mr. Laurence Rea also deserves praise for his rendering of some short, fascinating songs of Mr. Frank Lambert; Madame Gomez for a beautiful new song of Florence Aylward, "Love's Coronation"; and M. Maurice Farkoa for a delightfully quaint song, "Mon Ami," by Teresa del Riego. Miss Hortense Paulsen sang with artistic sincerity some new songs of Hermann Löhner.

The chief attraction at the Saturday Popular Concerts on Nov. 30 was the welcome reappearance of M. Vladimir de Pachmann. The St. James's Hall was crammed, and the pianist was recalled again and again, until he gave a double encore. As an interpreter of Chopin he is, of course, ideal, and his delicate playing is very satisfying even to the most fastidious ear. He played the Nocturne in F sharp minor, and the Mazurka in C sharp minor.

Miss Muriel Foster sang well some difficult songs of Brahms. The quartet of Haydn in E flat major was distressingly harsh in places. The concert finished with a quintet in A major of Schubert, in which M. de Pachmann played the pianoforte part.

St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30, was marked by the customary great concert at Exeter Hall, the Scotch annual ballad concert, in which the London Scottish Choir gave some excellent part-songs. Mr. Plunket Greene sang magnificently "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," and Miss Evangeline Florence was exceedingly popular with her "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad." Encores were vociferously demanded and generously given.

At the Albert Hall, St. Andrew's Day was also kept, with a Scotch programme arranged by Mr. William Carter.

The audience here was very much sparser and more decorous, and encores were rigorously prohibited, except in the case of the national fantasia, the "Reminiscences of Scotland," conducted by Lieutenant Charles Godfrey. The Carter choir did not acquit themselves very well in "The Campbells are Coming," the sopranos getting flat. The pipers of the Scots Guards' march through the hall was enthusiastically received. M. I. H.

We have received from Messrs. George Bell and Sons five volumes of their miniature series of painters, an excellent pendant to the larger art-books which they have been issuing for some considerable time. The works published are monographs on Romney, Watts, Velasquez, Fra Angelico, and Burne-Jones.

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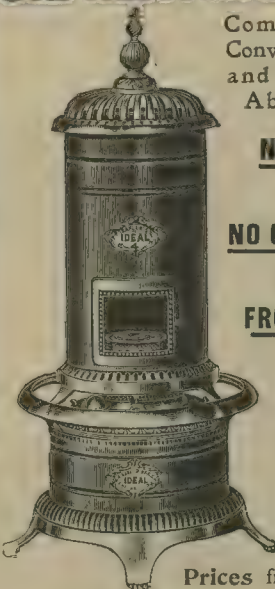
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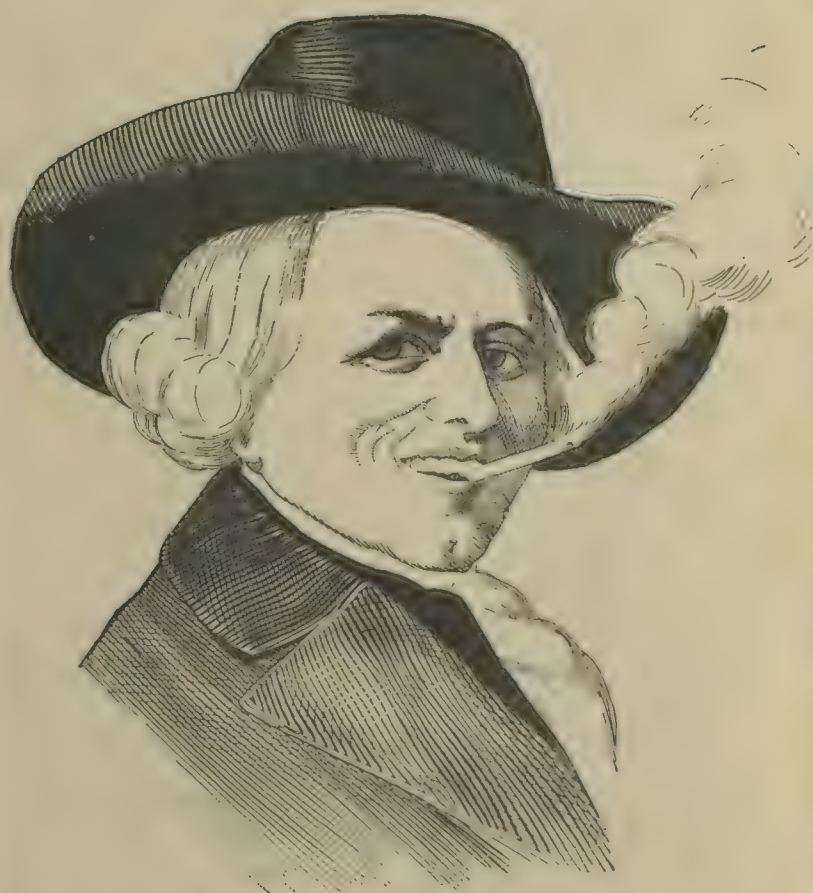
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple, who are at present staying in the cathedral city, intend to visit Evesham before Christmas, and during their stay in Worcestershire will be the guests of Lord Beauchamp and Lady Mary Lygon, at Madresfield Court, for a few days.

Bishop Hoskyns has entered on his new duties as Suffragan Bishop of Burnley with the utmost zeal and energy, and has already presided over an important temperance meeting at Manchester. The Bishop thinks it a great mistake that there is so little temperance teaching from the pulpits of the Church of England at ordinary services. The same reproach would apply to many Non-conformist churches, where a morning sermon on temperance is a very rare event.

It is expected that Canon Gore will be consecrated as Bishop of Worcester on Jan. 25, the Conversion of St. Paul, and the same date has been fixed by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the consecration of the Rev. G. Trower as Bishop of Likoma.

On the last Sunday of the Church year Canon Hensley Henson preached a remarkable sermon at Westminster Abbey on "Superstition." He is delivering a series of addresses designed to facilitate inter-communion with the non-Episcopal churches, and has already dealt with "Proselytising" and the "Judgment of Christ." Canon

Henson has not a powerful voice, and in the Abbey pulpit has a habit of turning abruptly from side to side, which is rather disconcerting for those near the back of the north and south transepts. A number of clergymen and well-known Nonconformists are attending the Abbey services during Advent.

It is understood that the Rev. Dr. Lewis Borrett White has intimated to the committee of the Religious Tract Society his wish to retire from the office of secretary at the end of the current year. Dr. White was ordained in 1850, and was appointed to his present position in 1876. He has held it in conjunction with the rectory of St. Mary Aldermay and a prebendal stall at St. Paul's. Dr. White is always a welcome speaker at the society's annual meetings, and in many ways has rendered admirable service.

The late Dean of Bangor was a true Welshman in his love for music. In early days, when curate of Llanllechid, he took great interest in his choir, which he led personally in the highest class of music, such as choruses from Handel and other eminent composers. The Dean as a young man was a very active walker, and would think nothing of tramping twelve miles over a mountain to spend a night with a brother clergyman, returning next day. His book on Apostolical Succession is still regarded as a standard work.

Prebendary H. E. Fox, hon. secretary of the Church Missionary Society, delivered a most interesting sermon

at the thanksgiving service held in Sheffield on the Sunday next before Advent, in connection with the Missionary Exhibition. He strongly objected to the word "foreign" as applied to missions, and reminded his hearers that Britain was at one time a heathen and foreign land to which the Gospel was brought from overseas. Mr. Fox traced the history of the Church Missionary Society during the last twenty years, and said that although the work had been greatly extended, the financial position was more satisfactory than ever. During that period five millions had been confided to the society, and its income was £350,000.

The Rev. E. C. Lowe, D.D., Canon of Ely, has been elected a vice-president of the E.C.U. in the place of the late Canon Carter. The Rev. J. E. Swallow, Chaplain of the Horbury House of Mercy, succeeds Canon Lowe on the council.

The suggestion originally made in an Australian paper that Bishop Welldon should succeed Dr. Goe as Bishop of Melbourne was brought to the notice of leading Churchmen in Victoria, and has found such favour that it is understood Bishop Welldon will be approached in the matter. The Australian Church is greatly in need of a powerful intellectual leader on its Episcopal bench, and if Dr. Welldon's health made it undesirable that he should return to India, he would be an ideal choice for Melbourne.

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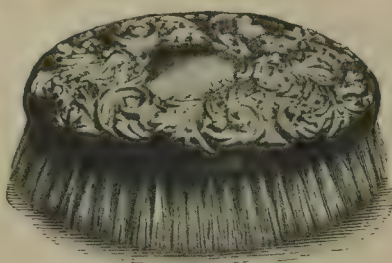
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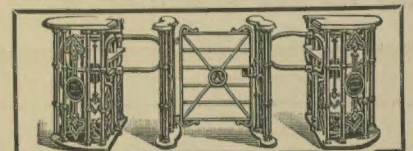
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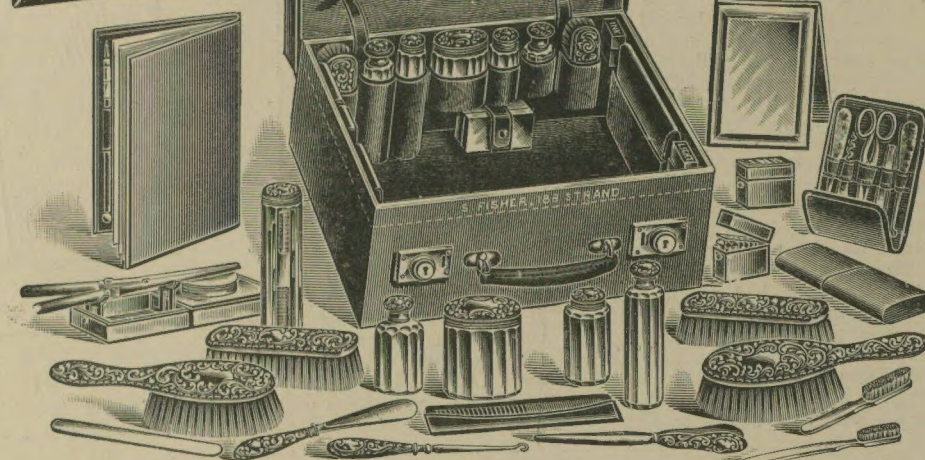
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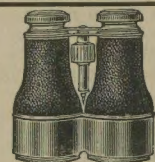
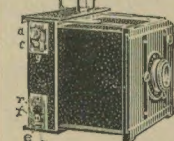
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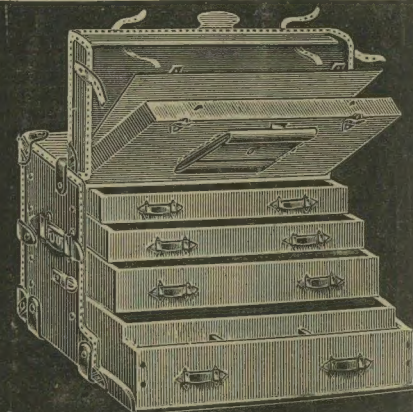
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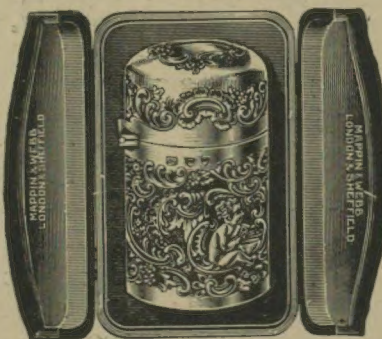


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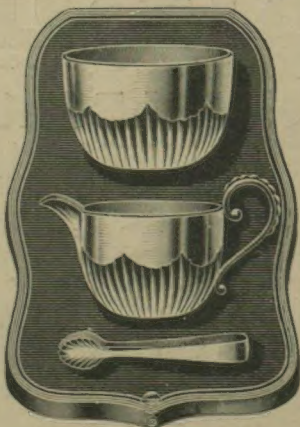
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